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# WEST POINT THE TACS.



A COLLECTION  
OF  
MILITARY VERSE,

TOGETHER WITH THE SPECIAL POEM,

"CADET GREY,"  
BY  
BRET HARTE.

—...—  
ILLUSTRATED.  
—...—

HOMER LEE & Co., NEW YORK.

1878.

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DEDICATED

TO THE

CADETS AND GRADUATES

OF THE

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY.



## REFACE.

---

THE favor with which "Fag Ends" was received, excited the desire of preparing a book on West Point and Army Life which should surpass every other work of the kind.

In order to perfect the plan of making for the Military Academy, a companion-book to "Fag Ends from the Naval Academy," we have secured the coöperation of some of the ablest authors and artists in the country.

It is for others to judge of the merit of the undertaking : what we know is, that neither care nor expense has been spared to achieve success.

More than half the book consists of new matter. "Cadet Grey," by BRET HARTE, is the longest and most elaborate contribution to American poetry of its distinguished author. The structure of the verse is in the Spenserian measure, and is in the narrative manner of BYRON'S "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan."

The poem which Mr. HARTE has written for this book contains the first song—"Not Yet"—he ever composed. This, with the "Bugle Calls" so happily introduced, have been set to music by HARRISON MILLARD, one of our most popular composers.

The illustrations, which are from original pen drawings, were all made expressly for this collection by TH. NAST, WELDON, DARLEY, MORAN, KELLY, HOPKINS, and others; and will be found, alike in conception and execution, far above any others ever attempted in a book of this character. It will gratify Mr. NAST'S many Army friends to find that he has contributed to the illustrations; and our thanks are cordially rendered to him, as well as to MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, for granting us his valuable aid, and for other courtesies.

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BEWARE!



# ADET GREY

BY BRET MARTE.

I.

CT first, scene first. A study. Of a kind  
Half cell, half *salon*, opulent yet grave;  
Rare books, low shelved, yet far above the mind  
Of common man to compass or to crave;  
Some slight relief of pamphlets that inclined  
The soul at first to trifling, till dismayed  
By text and title, it drew back resigned,  
Nor cared with levity to vex a shade  
That to itself such perfect concord made.







"A STUDY. OF A KIND HALF CELL, HALF *salon*, OPULENT YET GRAVE;"



II.

Some thoughts like these perplexed the patriot brain  
 Of Jones—Lawgiver to the Commonwealth,  
 As on the threshold of this chaste domain  
 He paused expectant and looked up in stealth  
 To darkened canvases that frowned amain,  
 With stern-eyed Puritans, who first began  
 To spread their roots in *Georgius Primus'* reign,  
 Nor dropped till now, obedient to some plan,  
 Their century fruit—the perfect Boston man.

III.

Somewhere within that Russia scented gloom  
 A voice, catarrhal, thrilled the Member's ear,  
 "Brief is our business, Jones. Look round this room!  
 Regard yon portraits! Read their meaning clear.  
 These much proclaim *my* station. I presume  
*You* are our Congressman, before whose wit  
 And sober judgment shall the youth appear  
 Who for West Point is deemed most just and fit  
 To serve his country, and to honor it."



"ELSEWHERE,—TRIAL COMPETITIVE."

## IV.

“Such is my son! Elsewhere, perhaps ’twere wise,  
 Trial competitive should guide your choice.  
 There are some people I can well surmise  
 Themselves must show their merit. History’s voice  
 Spares me that trouble. All desert that lies  
 In yonder ancestor, of Queen Anne’s day,  
 Or yon grave Governor—is all my boy’s;  
 Reverts to him; entailed, as one might say;  
 In brief, result in Winthrop Adams Grey!”

## V.

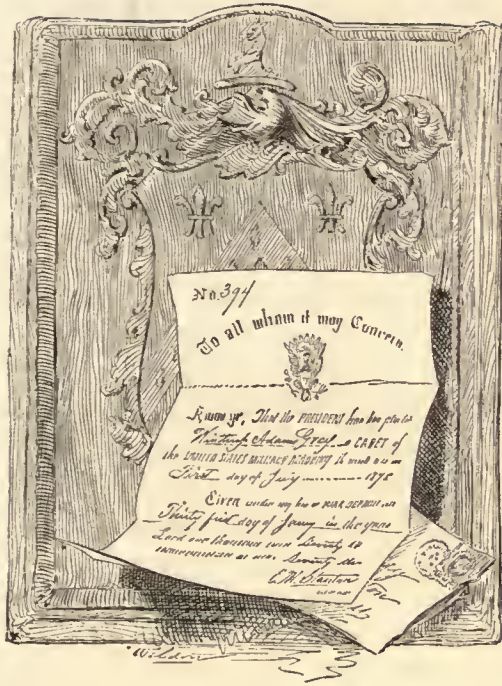
He turned and laid his well-bred hand, and smiled  
 On the cropped head of one who stood beside.  
 Ah me! in sooth, it was no ruddy child,  
 Nor brawny youth that thrilled the father’s pride—  
 ’Twas but a Mind that somehow had beguiled  
 From soulless Matter processes that served  
 For speech and motion and digestion mild,  
 Content if all one moral purpose nerved,  
 Nor recked thereby its spine were somewhat curved.

## VI.

He was scarce eighteen. Yet ere he was eight  
 He had despoiled the classics; much he knew  
 Of Sanscrit; not that he placed undue weight  
 On this, but that it helped him with Hebrew,  
 His favorite tongue. He learned, alas! too late,  
 One can’t begin too early. Would regret  
 That boyish whim to ascertain the state  
 Of Venus’ atmosphere made him forget  
 That philologic goal on which his soul was set.

## VII.

He too had travelled. At the age of ten  
 Found Paris empty, dull—except for Art,  
 And accent. *Mabille* with its glories then  
 Less than Egyptian *Almces*, touched a heart  
 Nothing if not pure classic. If some men  
 Thought him a prig, it vexed not his conceit,  
 But moved his pity, and ofttimes his pen  
 The better to instruct them, through some sheet  
 Published in Boston, and signed “Beacon Street.”



VIII.

From premises so plain the blind could see  
 But one deduction, and it came next day.  
 "In times like these, the very name of G  
 Speaks volumes," wrote the Honorable J.  
 "Enclosed please find appointment." Presently  
 Came a Reception to which Harvard lent  
 Fourteen professors, and to give *esprit*,  
 The Liberal Club some eighteen ladies sent,  
 Five that spoke Greek and thirteen sentiment.

IX.

Four poets came who loved each other's song,  
 And two philosophers who thought that they  
 Were in most things impractical and wrong;  
 And two Reformers, each in his own way  
 Peculiar. One who had waxed strong  
 On herbs and water, and such simple fare;  
 Two foreign lions, "Ram See" and "Chy Long,"  
 And several artists claimed attention there,  
 Based on the fact they had been snubbed elsewhere.





x.

With this endorsement nothing now remained  
But counsel, God speed, and some calm adieux ;  
No foolish tear the father's eyelash stained,  
And Winthrop's cheek as guiltless shone of dew.  
A slight publicity, such as obtained  
In classic Rome, these last few hours attended.  
The day arrived, the train and depot gained  
The mayor's own presence this last act commended ;  
The train moved off, and here the first act ended.



CANTO II.



I.

HERE West Point crouches and with lifted shield  
Turns the whole river, eastward, through the pass;  
Whose jutting crags, half silver, stand revealed  
Like bossy bucklers of Leonidas;  
Where buttressed low against the storms that wield  
Their summer lightnings where her eaglets swarm,  
By Freedom's cradle Nature's self has steeled  
Her heart, like Winkelried, and to that storm  
Of levelled lances bares her bosom warm.

II.

But not to-night. The air and woods are still,  
The faintest rustle in the trees below,  
The lowest tremor from the mountain-rill,  
Come to the ear as but the trailing flow  
Of spirit robes that walk unseen the hill;  
The moon low sailing o'er the upland farm,  
The moon low sailing where the waters fill  
The lozenge lake, beside the banks of balm,  
Glams like a chevron on the river's arm.

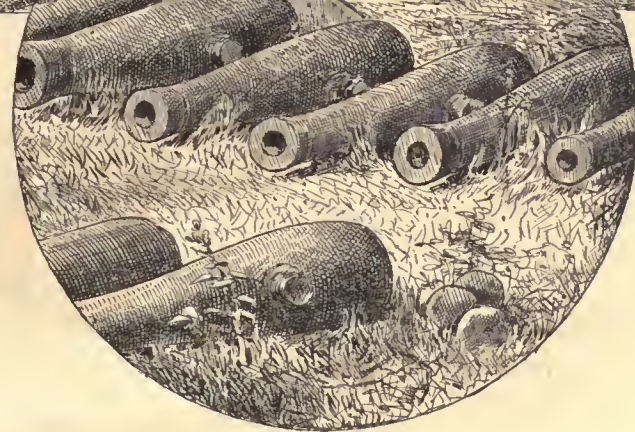






III.

All space breathes languor ; from the hilltop high  
Where Putnam's bastion crumbles in the past  
To swooning depths where drowsy cannon lie  
And wide-mouthed mortars gape in slumbers vast.  
Stroke upon stroke, the far oars glance and die  
On the hushed bosom of the sleeping stream ;  
Bright for one moment drifts a white sail by,  
Bright for one moment shows a bayonet gleam  
Far on the level plain, then passes as a dream.





IV.

Soft down the line of darkened battlements,  
Bright on each lattice of the barrack walls,  
Where the low arching sallyport indents,  
Seen through its gloom beyond the moonbeam falls;  
All is repose, save where the camping tents  
Mock the white gravestones further on, where sound  
No morning guns for *reveille*, nor whence  
No drum-beat calls retreat, but still is ever found  
Waiting and present on each sentry's round.

V.

Within the camp they lie, the young, the brave,  
Half knight, half school-boy; acolytes of fame,  
Pledged to one altar and perchance one grave;  
Bred to fear nothing but reproach and blame,  
Ascetic dandies o'er whom vestals rave,  
Clean-limbed young Spartans, disciplined young elves;  
Taught to destroy, that they may live to save,  
Students embattled, soldiers at their shelves,  
Heroes whose conquests are at first themselves.



## VI.

Within the camp they lie, in dreams are freed  
 From the grim discipline they learn to love ;  
 In dreams no more the sentry's challenge heed,  
 In dreams afar beyond their pickets rove ;  
 One treads once more the piney paths that lead  
 To his Green Mountain home, and pausing hears  
 The cattle call ; one treads the tangled weed  
 Of slippery rocks beside Atlantic piers ;  
 One smiles in sleep, one wakens wet with tears.

## VII.

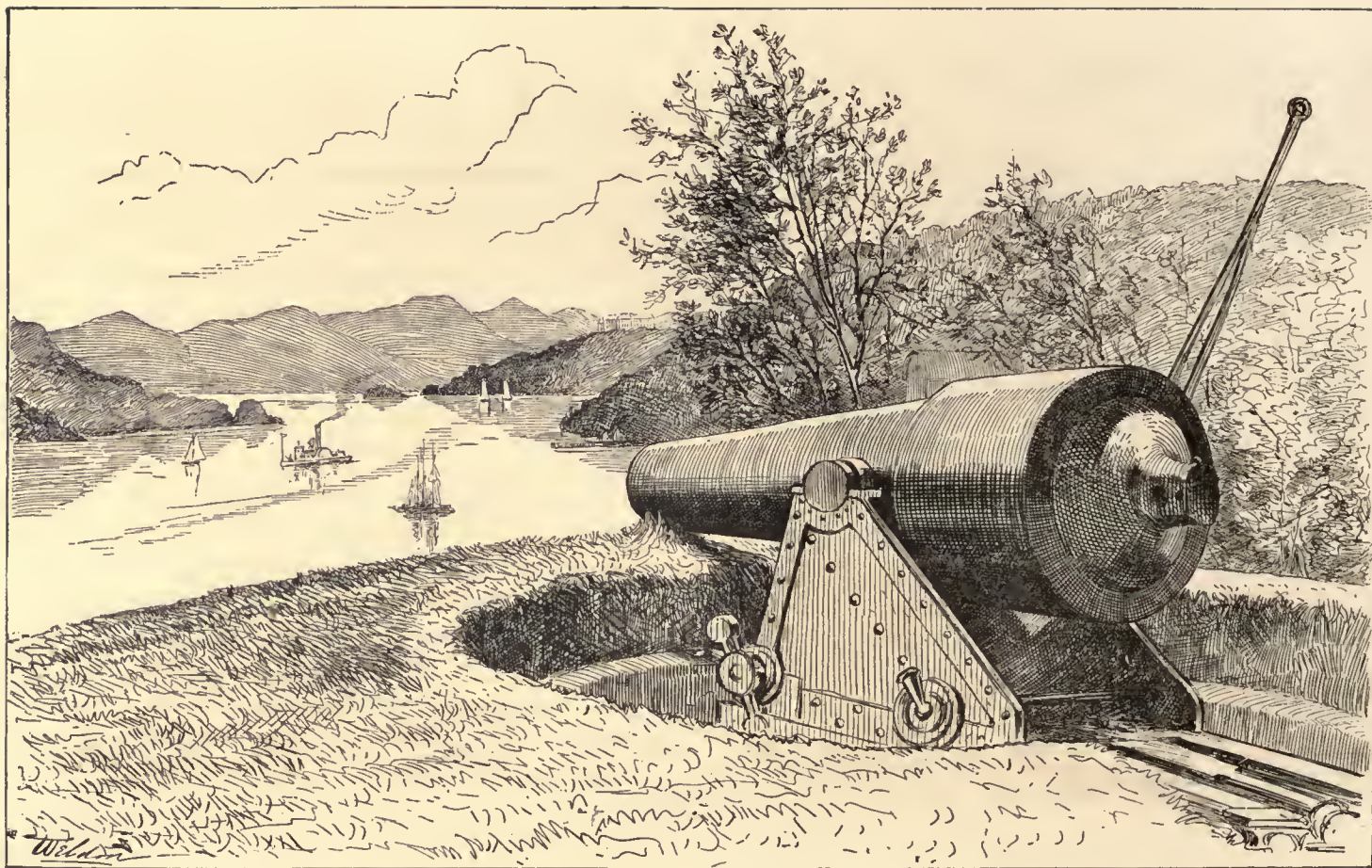
One scents the breath of jasmine flowers that twine  
 The pillared porches of his Southern home ;  
 One hears the coo of pigeons in the pine  
 Of Western woods where he was wont to roam ;  
 One sees the sunset fire the distant line  
 Where the long prairie sweeps its levels down ;  
 One treads the snow peaks ; one, by lamps that shine  
 Down the broad highways of the sea-girt town,  
 And two are missing—Cadets Grey and Brown !

## VIII.

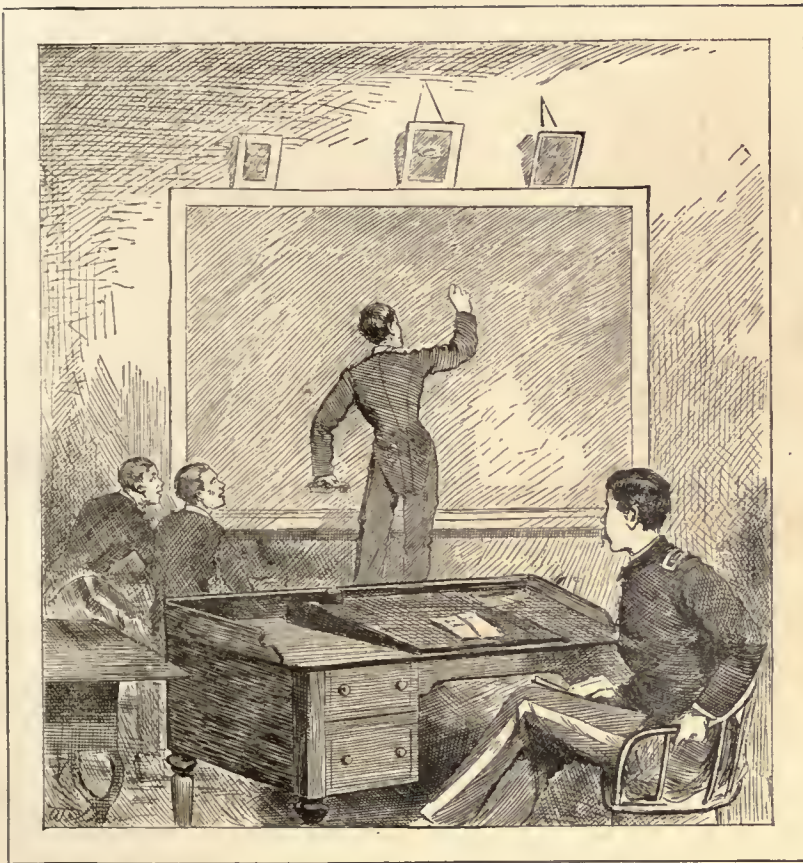
Much as I grieve to chronicle the fact,  
 That self-same truant known as "Cadet Grey"  
 Was the young hero of our moral tract,  
 Shorn of his two-fold names on entrance-day.  
 "Winthrop" and "Adams" dropped in that one act  
 Of martial curtness, and the roll-call thinned  
 Of his ancestors, he with youthful tact  
 Indulgence claimed, since Winthrop no more sinned,  
 Nor sainted Adams winced when he, plain Grey, was  
 "skinned."

## IX.

He had known trials since we saw him last,  
 By sheer good luck had just escaped rejection,  
 Not for his learning, but that it was cast  
 In a spare frame scarce fit for drill inspection ;  
 But when he ope'd his lips a stream so vast  
 Of information flooded each professor,  
 They quite forgot his eyeglass—something past  
 All precedent—accepting the transgressor,  
 Weak eyes and all, of which he was possessor.







## X.

E'en the first day he touched a blackboard's space—  
So the tradition of his glory lingers—  
Two wise professors fainted, each with face  
White as the chalk within his rapid fingers :  
All day he ciphered, at such frantic pace  
His form was hid in chalk precipitation  
Of every problem, till they said his case  
Could meet from them no fair examination  
Till Congress made a new appropriation.

## XI.

Famous in molecules. He demonstrated  
From the mess hash to many a listening classful ;  
Great as a botanist, he separated  
Three kinds of *Mentha* in one julep's glassful ;  
High in astronomy, it has been stated  
He was the first at West Point to discover  
Mars' missing satellites, and calculated  
Their true positions, not the heavens over,  
But 'neath the window of Miss Kitty Rover.



## XII.

Indeed I fear this novelty celestial  
That very night was visible and clear ;  
At least two youths of aspect most terrestrial,  
And clad in uniform, were loitering near  
A villa's casement, where a gentle vestal  
Took their impatience somewhat patiently,  
Knowing the youths were somewhat green and  
"bestial"—  
(A certain slang of the Academy  
I beg the reader won't refer to me).

## XIII.



For when they ceased their ardent strain, Miss Kitty  
Glowed not with anger nor a kindred flame,  
But rather flushed with an odd sort of pity,  
Half matron's kindness, and half coquette's shame ;  
Proud yet quite blameful, when she heard their ditty  
She gave her soul poetical expression,  
And being clever, too, as she was pretty,  
From her high casement warbled this confession—  
Half provocation and one half repression :



"NOT YET, O LOVE, NOT YET!"

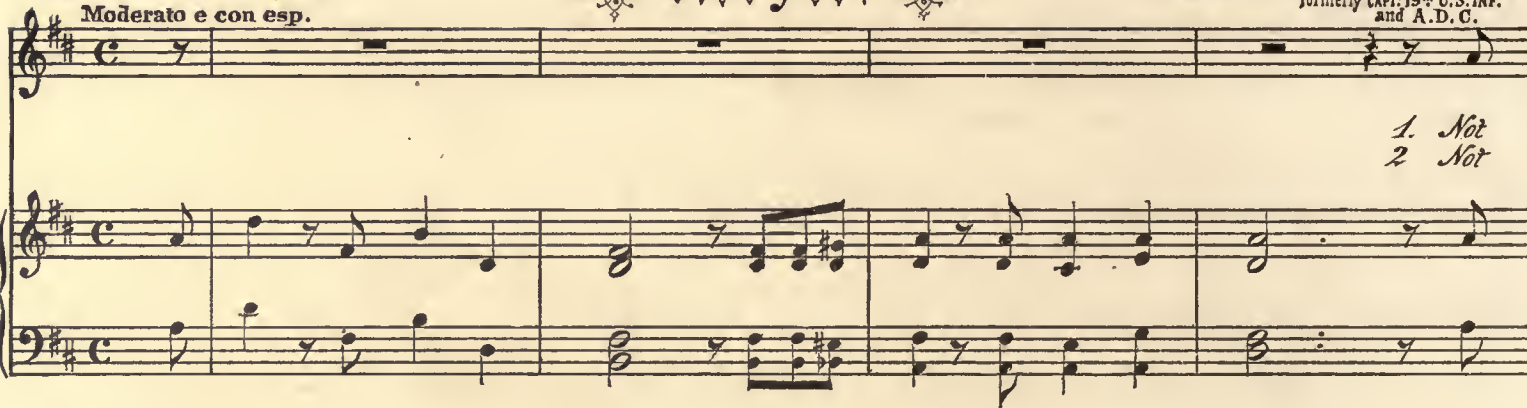


Words by Bret Harte.

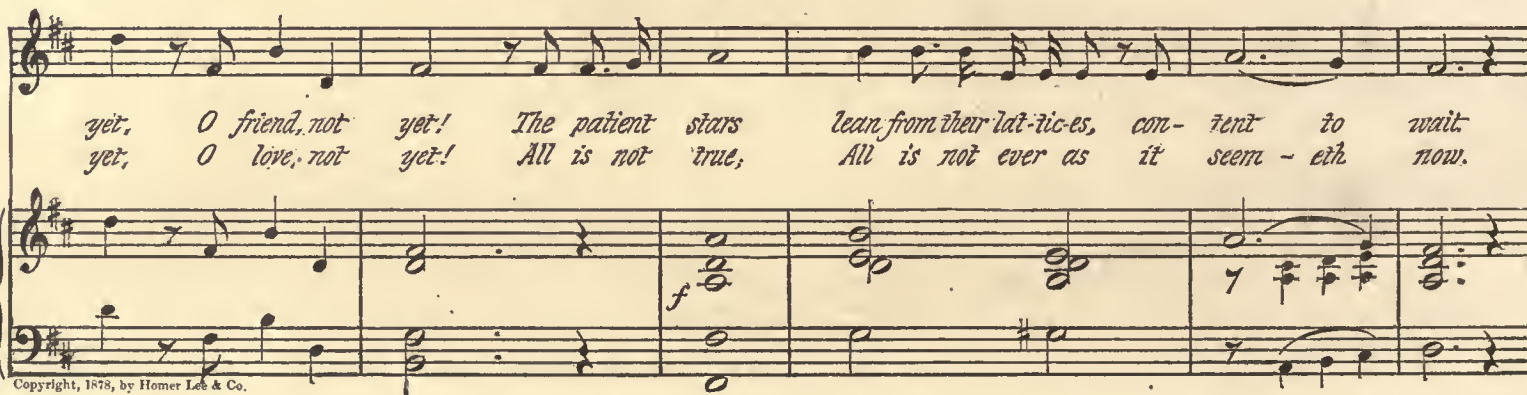
 **Not yet!** 

Music by Harrison Millard,  
formerly Capt. 19<sup>th</sup> U.S. Inf.  
and A.D.C.

Moderato e con esp.



1. Not  
2. Not



yet, O friend, not yet! The patient stars lean from their lat-tices, con-tent to wait.  
yet, O love, not yet! All is not true, All is not ever as it seem-eth now.

*cresc.*

*All is il-lu-sion till the morning bars Slip from the lev-els of the Eastern gate. Night is too young, O friend,  
Soon shall the riv-er take an-oth-er blue, Soon dies yon light upon the mountain brow: What tieth dark, O love,*

*day is too near; Wait for the day that maketh all things clear. Not yet, O friend, not yet! Not yet, O friend, not yet!  
bright day will fill, Wait for thy morning, be it good or ill. Not yet, O love, not yet! Not yet, O love, not yet!*



## XIV.

The strain was finished ; softly as the night  
 Her voice died from the window, yet e'en then  
 Fluttered and fell likewise a kerchief white ;  
 But that no doubt was accident, for when  
 She sought her couch she deemed her conduct quite  
 Beyond the reach of scandalous commentor—  
 Washing her hands of either gallant wight,  
 Knowing the moralist might compliment her—  
 Thus voicing Siren with the words of Mentor.

## XV.

She little knew the youths below, who straight  
 Dived for her kerchief, and quite overlooked  
 The pregnant moral she would inculcate ;  
 Nor dreamed she less how little Winthrop brooked  
 Her right to doubt his soul's maturer state.  
 Brown—who was Western, amiable, and new—  
 Might take the moral and accept his fate ;  
 The which he did—but being stronger too,  
 Took the white kerchief, also, as his due.

## XVI.

They did not quarrel, which no doubt seemed queer  
 To those who knew not how their friendship blended ;  
 Each were opposed, and each the other's peer,  
 Yet each the other in some things transcended.  
 Where Brown lacked culture, brains—and oft I fear  
 Cash in his pocket—Grey of course supplied him ;  
 Where Grey lacked frankness, force, and faith sincere,  
 Brown of his manhood suffered none to chide him,  
 But in his faults stood manfully beside him.



"IN CAMP DRILL AND MARTIAL OCCUPATION."

## XVII.

In academic walks and studies grave,  
 In the camp drill and martial occupation,  
 They helped each other—but just here I crave  
 Space for the reader's full imagination—  
 The fact is patent, Grey became a slave!—  
 A tool, a fag, a "plebe!" To state it plainer—  
 All that blue blood and ancestry e'er gave,  
 Cleaned guns, brought water!—was, in fact, retainer  
 To Jones, whose uncle was a paper stainer!

## XVIII.

How they bore this at home I cannot say:  
 I only know—so runs the gossip's tale—  
 It chanced one day that the paternal Grey  
 Came to West Point, that he himself might hail  
 The future hero in some proper way  
 Consistent with his lineage. With him came  
 A judge, a poet, and a brave array  
 Of aunts and uncles, bearing each a name,  
 Eyeglass and respirator with the same.

## XIX.

"Observe!" quoth Grey the elder to his friends,  
 "Not in these giddy youths at base-ball playing  
 You'll notice Winthrop Adams! Greater ends  
 Than these absorb *his* leisure. No doubt straying  
 With Cæsar's Commentaries, he attends  
 Some Roman council. Let us ask, however,  
 Yon grimy urchin, who my soul offends  
 By wheeling offal, if he will endeavor  
 To find—what! heaven!—Winthrop! Oh, no!  
 Never!"

## XX.

Alas too true! The last of all the Greys  
 Was "doing Police detail;" it had come  
 To this; in vain were the historic bays  
 That crowned the pictured Puritans at home!  
 And yet 'twas certain that in grosser ways  
 Of health and physique he was quite improving.  
 Straighter he stood, and had achieved some praise  
 In other exercise, much more behooving  
 A soldier's taste, than merely dirt removing.



"WHAT! HEAVEN!—WINTHROP! OH, NO! NEVER!"



But to resume : we left the youthful pair,  
 Some stanzas back, before a lady's bower ;  
 'Tis to be hoped they were no longer there,  
 For stars were pointing to the morning hour ;  
 Their escapade discovered, ill 'twould fare  
 With our two heroes, derelict of orders ;  
 But, like the ghost, they "scent the morning air,"  
 And back again they steal across the borders,  
 Unseen, unheeded by their martial warders.

**RÉVEILLE.\***

O Though hark to the warn-ing! warn-ing! the that warn-ing! Mark how the a - morn - ing Sun climbs a - dorn - ing calls you cloud o'er the be clouds that will soon be Bids it a - rise so the Each morn - ing on To To I read its soft lap mes - sage yet the sun is high, me, du - ty lead - eth To To tea, slain: It What - e'er its white tent - flap, pre - sage and from its mes - sage yet the sun is high, me, du - ty lead - eth To To free. plain It And rise from hill and fol - low, Ere fol - low, where fol - low, where die. thee! following death in is light - and die. thee!

They got to bed with speed : young Grey to dream  
 Of some vague future with a General's star,  
 And Mistress Kitty basking in its gleam ;  
 While Brown, content to worship her afar,  
 Dreamed himself dying by some lonely stream—  
 Having snatched Kitty from eighteen Nez Percés—  
 Till a far bugle,\* with the morning beam,  
 In his dull ear its fateful song rehearses,  
 Which Winthrop Adams after put to verses :





"AT LAST CAME GRADUATION,—THEN FROLIC, FLIRTING, PARTING—"



"THERE IS A WALK, WHERE TREES O'ERARCHING GROW."



## XXIII.

So passed three years of their novitiate,  
 The first real boyhood Grey had ever known.  
 His youth ran clear—not choked, like his Cochituate,  
 In civic pipes, but free and pure alone ;  
 Yet knew repression, could himself habituate  
 To having mind and body well rubbed down,  
 Could read himself in others, and could situate  
 Themselves in him—except, I grieve to own,  
 He couldn't see what Kitty saw in Brown !

## XXIV.

At last came graduation ; Brown received  
 In the One Hundredth Cavalry commission ;  
 Then frolic, flirting, parting—when none grieved  
 Save Brown, who loved our young Academician,  
 And Grey, who felt his friend was still deceived  
 By Mistress Kitty, who, with other beauties  
 Graced the occasion, and it was believed  
 Had promised Brown that when he could recruit his  
 Promised command, she'd share with him those duties.

## XXV.

Howe'er this be I know not ; all I know,  
 The night was June's, the moon rode high and clear,  
 " 'Twas such a night as this "—three years ago  
 Miss Kitty sang the song that two might hear.  
 There is a walk where trees o'erarching grow,  
 Too wide for *one*, not wide enough for three  
 (A fact precluding any plural beau),  
 Which quite explained Miss Kitty's company,  
 But not why Grey that favored one should be.





"THERE IS A SPRING, CALLED KOSCIUSKO'S."

W. H. P.





xxvii.

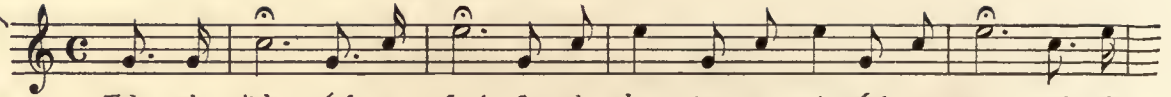
“Material minds might think that gravitation,”  
Quoth Grey, “drew yon metallic spheroid down.  
The soul poetic views the situation  
Fraught with more meaning. When thy girlish  
crown  
Was mirrored there, there was disintegration  
Of me, and all my spirit moved to you,  
Taking the form of slow precipitation”—  
But here came “Taps,” a start, a smile, adieu!  
A blush, a sigh, and—end of Canto II.

xxvi.

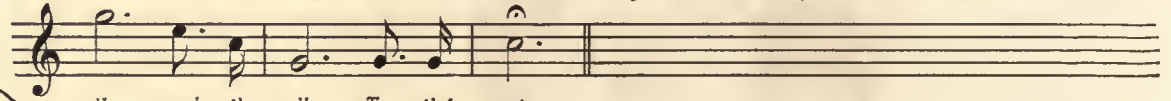
There is a spring whose limpid waters hide  
Somewhere within the shadows of that path  
Called Kosciusko's. There two figures bide,  
Grey and Miss Kitty. Surely Nature hath  
No fairer mirror for a might-be bride  
Than this same pool that caught our gentle belle  
To its dark heart one moment. At her side  
Grey bent. A something trembled o'er the well,  
Bright, spherical—a tear? ah! no, a button fell!



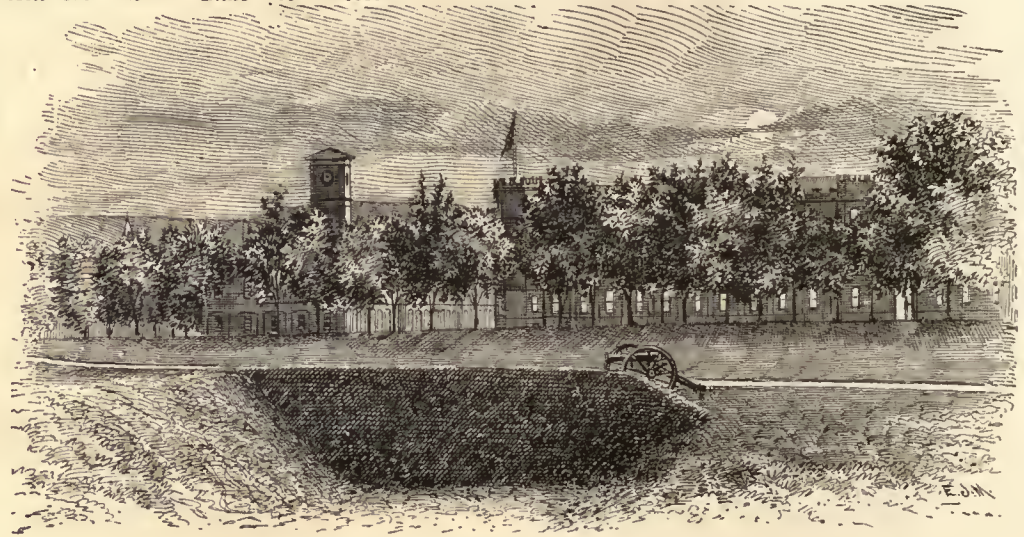
# BUGLE SONG.



*Fades the light And a - far! Go - eth day. Com - eth night; And a star Lead - eth  
Love, good night! Must thou go? When the day And the night Need thee so - Need - eth*



*all. speed - eth all To their rest.  
all heed - eth all That is best!*



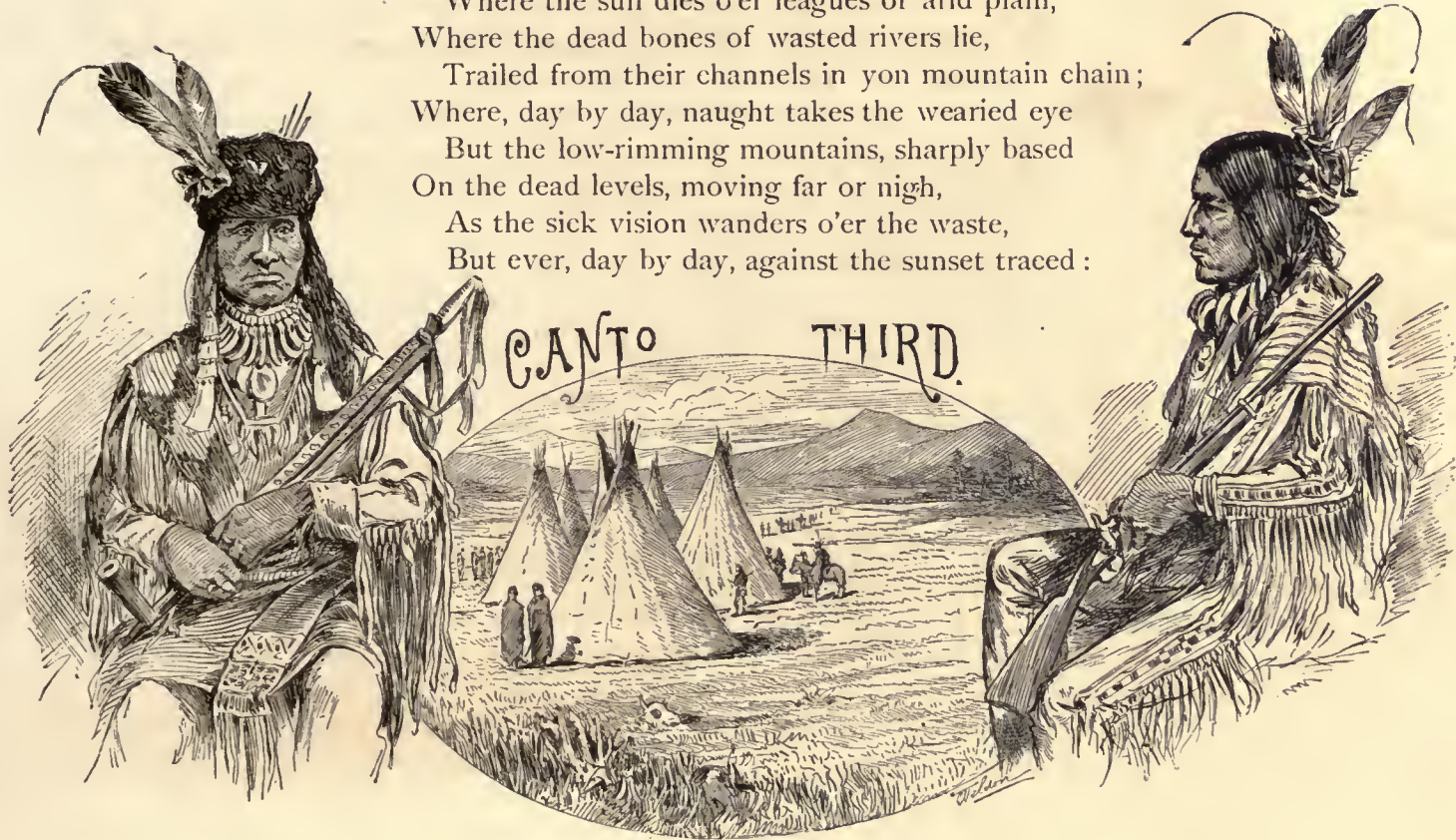
"BENTZ THE BUGLER."



I.

WHERE the sun sinks through leagues of arid sky,  
Where the sun dies o'er leagues of arid plain,  
Where the dead bones of wasted rivers lie,  
Trailed from their channels in yon mountain chain;  
Where, day by day, naught takes the wearied eye  
But the low-rimmed mountains, sharply based  
On the dead levels, moving far or nigh,  
As the sick vision wanders o'er the waste,  
But ever, day by day, against the sunset traced :

CANTO THIRD.



II.

There, moving through a poisonous cloud that stings  
 With dust of alkali the trampling band  
 Of Indian ponies, ride on dusky wings,  
 The red marauders of the Western land.  
 Heavy with spoil, they seek the trail that brings  
 Their flaunting lances to that sheltered bank  
 Where lie their lodges ; and the river sings  
 Forgetful of the plain beyond, that drank  
 Its life blood, where the wasted caravan sank.

III.

They brought with them the thief's ignoble spoil,  
 The beggar's dole, the greed of *chiffonier*,  
 The scum of camps, the implements of toil  
 Snatched from dead hands, to rust as useless here ;  
 All they could rake or glean from hut or soil  
 Piled their lean ponies, with the jackdaws greed  
 For vacant glitter. It were scarce a foil  
 To all this tinsel that one feathered reed  
 Bore on its barb two scalps that freshly bleed :

IV.

They brought with them, alas ! a wounded foe  
 Bound hand and foot, yet nursed with cruel care,  
 Lest that in death he might escape one throe  
 They had decreed his living flesh should bear ;  
 A youthful officer, by one foul blow  
 Of treachery surprised, yet fighting still  
 Amid his ambushed train, calm as the snow  
 Above him ; hopeless, yet content to spill  
 His blood with theirs, and fighting but to kill.

V.

He had fought nobly, and in that brief spell  
 Had won the awe of those rude border men  
 Who gathered round him, and beside him fell  
 In loyal faith and silence, save that when,  
 By smoke embarrassed, and near sight as well,  
 He paused to wipe his eyeglass, and decide  
 Its nearer focus, there arose a yell  
 Of approbation, and Bob Barker cried,  
 " Wade in, Dundreary ! " tossed his cap, and—died !





“HUSH! FOR YOUR LIFE AND MINE; THE THINGS ARE CUT,”



## VI.

Their sole survivor now! his captors bear  
 Him all unconscious, and beside the stream  
 Leave him to rest; meantime the squaws prepare  
 The stake for sacrifice; nor wakes a gleam  
 Of pity in these Furies' eyes, that glare  
 Expectant of the torture; yet alway  
 His steadfast spirit shines and mocks them there  
 With peace they know not; till at close of day  
 On his dull ear there thrills a whispered "Grey!"

## VII.

He starts! Was it a trick? Had angels kind  
 Touched with compassion some weak woman's  
 breast?  
 Such things he'd read of! Faintly to his mind  
 Came Pocahontas, pleading for her guest.  
 But then this voice, though soft, was still inclined  
 To baritone! A squaw in ragged gown  
 Stood near him frowning hatred. Was he blind?  
 Whose eye was this beneath that beetling frown?  
 The frown was painted, but that wink was—Brown!

## VIII.

"Hush! for your life and mine; the thongs are cut,"  
 He whispers; "in yon thicket stands my horse.  
 One dash!—I follow close, as if to glut  
 My own revenge, yet bar the others' course  
 Now!" And 'tis done. Grey speeds, Brown follows;  
 but  
 Ere yet they reach the shade, Grey, fainting, reels—  
 Yet not before Brown's circling arms close shut  
 His in, uplifting him! Anon, he feels  
 A horse beneath him bound, and hears the rattling  
 heels.

## IX.

Then rose a yell of baffled hate, and sprang  
 Headlong the savages in swift pursuit;  
 Though speed the fugitives, they hope to hang,  
 Hot on their heels, like wolves, with tireless foot.  
 Long is the chase; Brown hears with inward pang  
 The short, hard panting of his gallant steed  
 Beneath its double burden; vainly rang  
 Both voice and spur. The heaving flanks may bleed,  
 Yet comes the sequel that they still must heed!



"THEN ROSE A YELL OF BAFFLED HATE, AND SPRANG HEADLONG THE SAVAGES IN SWIFT PURSUIT;"

## X.

Brown saw it—reined his steed ; dismounting, stood  
 Calm and inflexible. “ Old chap, you see  
 There is but *one* escape. You know it? Good !  
 There is *one* man to take it. You are he.  
 The horse won't carry double. If he could  
 'Twould but protract this bother. I shall stay ;  
 I've business with these devils—they with me ;  
 'Twill occupy them 'till you get away.  
 Hush ! Quick time, forward. There ! God bless you,  
 Grey.”

## XI.

But as he finished, Grey slipped to his feet,  
 Calm as his ancestors in voice and eye :  
 “ You do forget yourself when you compete  
 Whose right it is to stay here and to die :  
 That's not your duty. Please regain your seat,  
 And take my ORDERS—for I rank you here !—  
 Mount and rejoin your men, and my defeat  
 Report at Quarters. Take this letter ; ne'er  
 Give it to aught but *her*, though death should  
 interfere.

## XII.

And, shamed and blushing, Brown the letter took  
 Obediently and placed it in his pocket,  
 Then drawing forth another, said, “ I look  
 For death as you do, wherefore take this locket  
 And letter ;” here his comrade's hand he shook  
 In silence. “ Should we both together fall,  
 Some other man—” but here all speech forsook  
 His lips, as ringing cheerily o'er all  
 He heard afar his own dear bugle-call !

## XIII.

'Twas his command and succor, but e'en then  
 Grey fainted, with poor Brown, who had forgot  
 He likewise had been wounded, and both men  
 Were picked up quite unconscious of their lot.  
 Long lay they in extremity, and when  
 They both grew stronger and once more exchanged  
 Old vows and memories, one common “ den ”  
 In hospital was theirs, and free they ranged,  
 Awaiting orders, but no more estranged.



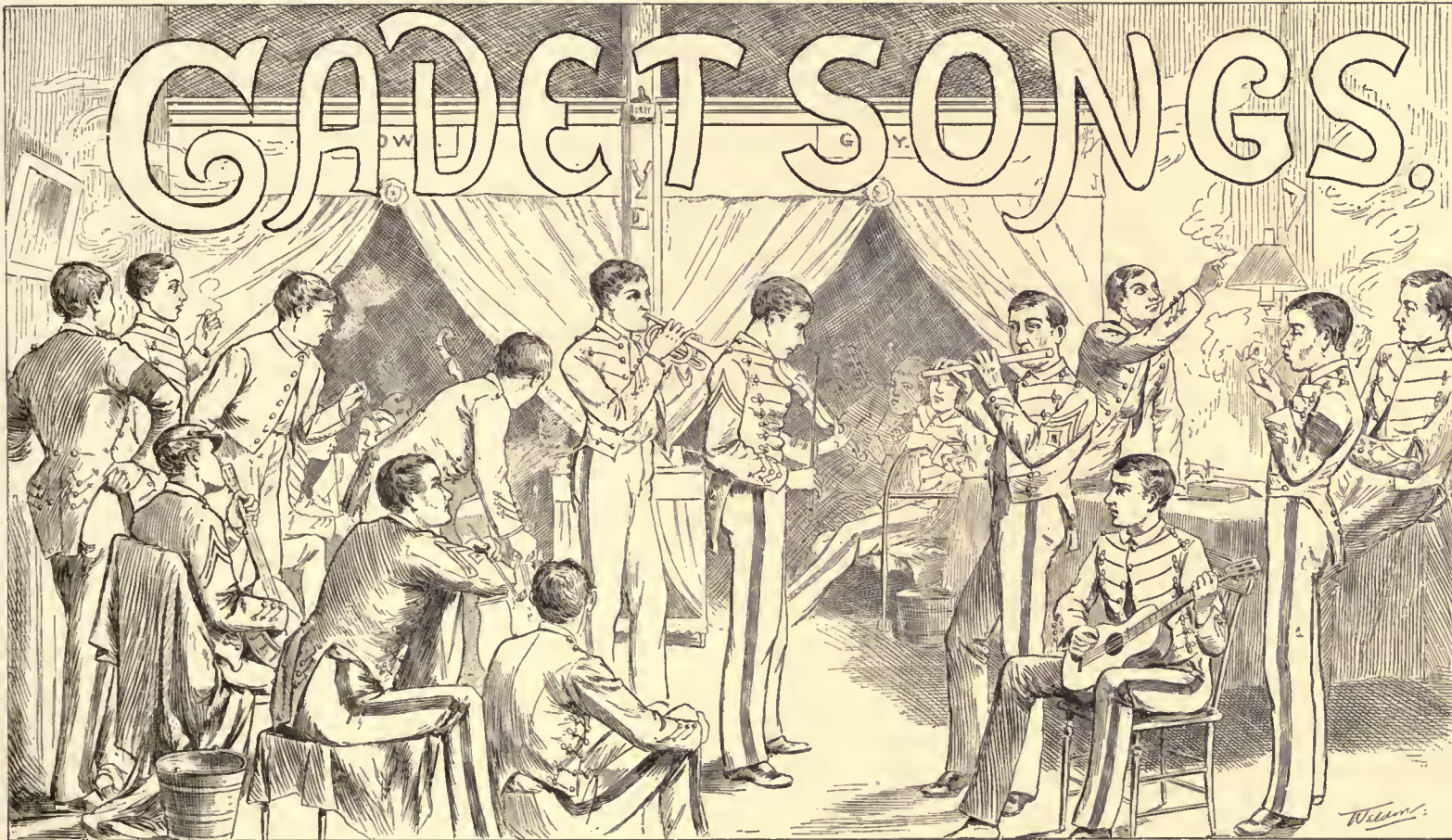
XIV.

And yet 'twas strange—nor can I end my tale  
- Without this moral, to be fair and just—  
They never sought to know why each did fail  
The prompt fulfilment of the other's trust.  
It was suggested they could not avail  
Themselves of either letter, since they were  
Duly dispatched to their address by mail,  
By Captain X., who knew Miss Rover fair  
Now meant stout Mistress Bloggs of Blank Blank  
Square.





# GADGET SONGS.





*“A few of the songs the Cadets sing,  
When they are ‘blue’ and weary,  
And poems, that they’ve written when  
The heart was glad and cheery.”*

# BENNY HAVENS, OH!

---

A SONG THAT IS SUNG BY THE SOLDIERS OF UNCLE SAM.

---

"BENNY" HAVENS, as all army men now living must know, was years ago a seller of contraband liquors and viands to the Cadets at West Point. At last he tired out the patience of the officers of the Academy, who felt that they could not any longer wink at his notorious infractions of the rule, that no liquors should be sold on the Government reservation at the Point, and he was expelled from the grounds. But because he had been thus ejected he was not at all disposed to think that there should be "no more cakes and ale," and he opened a regular establishment a mile or two down the river, at Highland Falls, which soon became a favorite resort of the Cadets on convivial occasions, in most cases at the risk of dismissal.

The song which has carried the name of old BENNY around the world was originally composed by Dr. O'BRIEN, then a lieutenant in the Eighth Infantry, on the occasion of a visit to his old friend, Major RIPLEY A. ARNOLD, then a "first class man" residing in the old North Barracks at the Academy. They made many excursions to BENNY'S. The song was composed by O'BRIEN and others, and set to the tune of "Wearing of the Green." It soon became popular, and year after year additional verses have been composed by poets of succeeding classes, to suit certain events, as, for instance, to commemorate the memory of a dead classmate, or to extol the names of heroes of war, until the original five verses have now swollen to this size—the greatest number of verses yet published, and believed to be complete up to date.

The verse commencing "From the courts of death and danger," was added after the death of the author, who laid down his life for his country in Florida some thirty-five years ago. Toward the close of the poem are verses upon the death of the brave MCKINNEY, and BENNY, the subject of the piece, whose death in May of '77 sent a pang through many an officer's heart; for few of the older graduates are there who can lay their hands on their sword-hilts and swear they have never been to BENNY'S.

Perhaps the greatest admirer the immortal BENNY had among the Cadets was the poet EDGAR A. POE, who was dismissed before completing his course. POE was perfectly infatuated with the old joker, and would steal away from the Academy and sit from morning until night conversing with his host and drawing out the old man's peculiarities of character. BENNY used to relate many interesting anecdotes of the poet, and was a great admirer of the "Raven."



BENNY HAVENS.

*(From a painting by Mr. Julian Scott, in the possession of the Army and Navy Club.)*



## BENNY HAVENS, OH!

AIR—*Wearing of the Green.*

A SONG THAT IS SUNG BY THE SOLDIERS OF UNCLE SAM.

COME, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row;  
To singing sentimentally, we're going for to go;  
In the army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow,  
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! Oh! Benny Havens, oh!  
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!

Now Roe's Hotel's a perfect "fess," and Cozzens's all  
the go,  
And officers as thick as hops infest "The Falls" below;  
But we'll slip them all so quietly, as once a week we go  
To toast the lovely flower that blooms at Benny Havens,  
oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Let us toast our foster-father, the Republic, as you know,  
Who in the paths of science taught us upward for to go;  
And the maiden, of our native land, whose cheeks like  
roses glow,  
They're oft remembered in our cups, at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the ladies of the Empire State, whose hearts, and  
albums too,  
Bear sad remembrance of the wrongs we stripling  
soldiers do,  
We bid a fond adieu, my boys; our hearts with sorrow  
flow;  
Our loves and rhyming had their source at Benny Ha-  
vens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh!

And when in academic halls, to summer hops we go,  
And tread the mazes of the dance on the light fantastic  
toe,  
We look into those sunny eyes, where youth and pleas-  
ure glow,  
And think ourselves within the walls of Benny Havens,  
oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the ladies of the orange clime, let all our bumpers  
flow;  
Who dares gainsay their peerless charms must take a  
knightly blow.  
We'll throw the gauntlet in their cause and taunt the  
soulless foe  
Who hesitates to drink to them at Benny Havens, oh!  
Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Of the lovely maids, with virgin lips, like roses dipped  
in dew,  
Who are to be our better halves, we'd like to take a view.  
But sufficient to the bridal day is the ill of it, you know,  
So we'll cheer our hearts with chorusing at Benny Ha-  
vens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the ladies of our Army our cups shall ever flow,  
Companions of our exile, and our shield 'gainst every woe;  
May they see their husbands Generals, with double pay  
also,  
And join us in our choruses at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

'Tis said by commentators, when to other worlds we go,  
We follow the same handicraft we did in this below;  
If this be true philosophy—the sexton he says “No!”—  
What days of song and dance we'll have at Benny Ha-  
vens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Come fill up to our Generals, God bless the brave heroes,  
They're an honor to their country, and a terror to their  
foes;

May they long rest on their laurels, and trouble never  
know,

But live to see a thousand years at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Here's a health to General Taylor, whose “rough and  
ready” blow

Struck terror to the *rancheros* of braggart Mexico;  
May his country ne'er forget his deeds, and ne'er forget  
to show

She holds him worthy of a place at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the “veni, vidi, vici” man, to Scott, the great hero,  
Fill up the goblet to the brim, let no one shrinking go;  
May life's cares on his honored head fall light as flakes  
of snow,

And his fair fame be ever great at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

From the courts of death and danger, from Tampa's  
deadly shore,

There comes a wail of manly grief, "O'Brien is no more;"  
In the land of sun and flowers his head lies pillowed low,  
No more he'll sing "Petite Coquette," or Benny Havens,  
oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the Army's brave commanders let now our glasses  
flow,

We'll drink to Grant and Sherman, and to the "subs"  
also,

To Thomas, Meade, and Sheridan (these come in apropos);  
We'll toast them all with goblets full, at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

'Tis a proverb that "Republics to their veterans thank-  
less grow,"

And to youth of service oft awards only an age of woe;  
But if a lowly station most honor doth bestow,

Give me the one now occupied by Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To our regiments, now fellows, we all must shortly go,  
And look as sage as parsons when they talk of what's  
below;

We must cultivate the graces, do every thing "just so,"  
And never speak to ears polite of Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Let us remember, comrades, when to our posts we go,  
The ties that must be cut in twain, as o'er life's sea we  
row;

Hearts that now throb in unison must moulder down  
below,

So let us take a parting cup at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To our comrades who have fallen, one cup before we go,  
They poured their life-blood freely out *pro bono publico*;  
No marble points the stranger to where they rest below,  
They lie neglected far away from Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.



You veterans on the "half-pay list" in quiet ease should  
go,  
And suffer us subalterns up a grade or two to row,  
Award each State a regiment of Regulars, you know,—  
Their officers are chosen ones from Benny Havens, oh!  
Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

May we never lack a smile for friend, nor stern heart for  
a foe;  
May all our paths be pleasantness wherever we may go;  
May our "Muster-rolls" in after years report in *statu quo*,  
And goodly samples ever bring from Benny Havens, oh!  
Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

May the Army be augmented, promotion be less slow;  
May our country in the hour of need be ready for the foe;  
May we find a soldier's resting-place beneath a soldier's  
blow,  
With space enough beside our graves for Benny Havens,  
oh!  
Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

When you and I, and Benny, and all the others, too,  
Are called before the "final board" our course of life to  
view,  
May we never "fess" on any point, but straight be told  
to go  
And join the Army of the Blest at Benny Havens, oh!  
Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Another star has faded, we miss its brilliant glow,  
For the veteran Scott has ceased to be a soldier here  
below;  
And the country which he honored now feels a heart-  
felt woe,  
As we toast his name in reverence at Benny Havens, oh!  
Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To our kind old Alma Mater, our rock-bound Highland  
home,  
We'll cast back many a fond regret, as o'er life's sea we  
roam,  
Until on our last battle-field the lights of heaven shall  
glow,  
We'll never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens, oh!  
Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

And if amid the battle shock our banner e'er should trail,  
And hearts that beat beneath its folds shall faint or  
basely fail,

Then may some son of Benny's with quick avenging blow,  
Lift up the flag we loved so well at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

When this life's troubled sea is o'er, and our last battle's  
through,

If God permits us mortals then His blest domain to  
view,

Then shall we see with glory crowned, in proud celestial  
row,

The friends we've known and loved so well at Benny  
Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Here's a cup to brave McKinney, and all who like him  
die;

Their souls upon the battle smoke ascend the upper sky.  
May the angels there attend him and show him where  
to go,

And join his comrades gone before, with Benny  
Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

In silence lift your glasses: A meteor flashes out.

So swift to death brave Custer, amid the battle's shout

Death called—and, crowned, he went to join the friends  
of long ago

To the land of Peace, where now he dwells with Benny  
Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

We drop a tear for Harrington, and his comrades, Custer's braves,  
Who fell with none to see the deeds that glorified their graves.  
May their memories live forever, with their glory's present glow;  
They've nobly earned the right to dwell with Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

SEQUEL.

COME, fellows, let us join once more, ere to our homes  
we go,

And give a parting requiem to "Benny Havens, oh!"  
Our fathers worship'd at his shrine, in days long, long ago,  
Then why should we, their faithful sons, not love our  
"Havens, oh!"

The spirit of the olden grey, with boys, 'tis *folly*, true;  
But then it proves "*Esprit de Corps*," when clothed in  
Army blue.

Then in the path our fathers trod let us not fail to go:  
If it lead to fame and glory, or "Benny Havens, oh!"

Their names shall sacred to us be for deeds done long ago;  
For they are grav'd with gold and red on azure blue,  
you know:

And as on us their mantles fell, our gratitude we'll show,  
By life remembrances of them and "Benny Havens, oh!"

Genial Barbour, brave Mudge and Inge, oft went  
through drifted snow,

To have an hour's pleasant chat, and make the *spirits*  
flow:

Clay, Crittenden, and legions more, could never give a no,  
When asked to share the friendly cheer of "Benny  
Havens, oh!"

Did Ringgold's flying battery e'er make its aim too low—  
Did Duncan's ready howitzers e'er fail to reach the foe—  
Did Canby brave, or Custer bold, e'er dread Modoc or  
Sioux—

Because of *dark* or *moonlight* raids on "Benny Havens, oh?"

From Nevada's hoary ridges, from stormy coast of Maine,  
From Lava beds and Yellowstone the story never waned:  
Wherever duty called they went, their steps were never  
slow—

With "ALMA MATER" on their lips, and "Benny Havens,  
oh!"

Their blood has water'd Western plains, and Northern  
wilds of snow,

Has stained Sierra's highest peaks, where piercing winds  
e'er blow;

Has dyed deep red the Everglades, and deeper still, you  
know,

The sacred Montezuma shades and walls of Mexico

But now the soften'd summer winds come whisp'ring to  
us low

That HE of whom we oft have sung, Death's hand lies  
on his brow!

These granite hills surrounding us, by sun all set aglow,  
To THEM, are guardian angels, and to "BENNY HAVENS, OH!"



## FIRST NIGHT ON POST.

WICKLIFFE.—'72.

ALONG his post the sentry walks,  
With slow and measured tread,  
While visions of "Yanking" ceaselessly flit  
Through his tired and aching head,

Till he drives them off with thoughts of home,  
Of the loved ones far away,  
With fruitless thoughts of the time of night,  
And the useless wish for day.

He thinks of his happy western home,  
The scenes of his childhood's views,  
Of his mother's smile, of his playmates' shouts—  
"Who comes there?" a pair of shoes.

He thinks of the blue eyed girl he left,  
Whom he'll on furlough find,  
With the same true heart, the same old love:—  
When somebody grabs him behind.



He wrenches loose, still walks his post,  
Still thinks of his blue eyed witch,  
When somebody tumbles him into a barrow,  
And trundles him off to the ditch.

He scrambles out, and resumes his beat,  
And thinks as he walks his post,  
Of the many friends of Auld Lang Syne—  
“The devil! Is that a ghost?”

He thinks of the loved ones who have left  
This troublesome world below,  
And thinks that they visit their friends behind,  
In this vale of sorrow and woe.

Then a distant stir on the midnight air  
Confirms this fond belief,  
Till he listens awhile, and then exclaims,  
“Thank God! 'Tis the Third Relief.”



SAME AT SAME.

A SIMPLE "cit." in modest garb—  
I shall not call his name—  
To West Point went some years ago  
To enter same at same.

He packed his trunk and bid good-bye  
To mother, gentle dame ;  
His Betsy's eyes were red that day,  
And his were same at same.

His journey's end at last was reached,  
To the office soon he came ;  
The corp'rals met him at the door  
Before he'd entered same.

His "prelim." passed, they drilled him then  
Until his back was lame ;  
He spent his summer in the camp  
"Policing" same at same.

With "Math." and French he spent two years,  
Then "Dade" he tried to tame,  
Who threw him in the bark one day  
As he rode same at same.

His furlough, long desired, arrived ;  
With buttons all aflame,  
He swelled about a few short weeks,  
And spoiled the same at same.

A second class-man, "Phil.," arrived,  
And "Chem." came in the game ;  
From Feb. to May he tactics had,  
And played with same at same.

Through "first-class camp" and "first-class year"  
He onward pressed to fame ;  
A brand new suit in June he donned,  
And "hung up" same at same.





"His 'prelim.' passed, they drilled him then until his back was lame."

## MON CADET.

BY A LADY VISITOR.

O mon Cadet, mon joli Cadet,  
With his pretty gold buttons and rollicking way,  
With his smile for the ladies, his stars for the beaux,  
The pet of the ladies wherever he goes ;  
Swaggering, swinging, hurrying past,  
No thought of the future, no thought of the past ;  
Carelessly happy, mon beau débonnaire ;  
Que je t'aime, mon beau militaire !

O mon Cadet, mon joli Cadet,  
Straight as an arrow, lithe as a fay,  
Fickle as fortune, inconstant as chance,  
Light as a fairy when leading the dance ;  
Sliding, gliding, whirling we go,  
Murm'ring sweet nothings so softly and low,  
Carelessly graceful, mon beau débonnaire ;  
O que je t'aime, mon beau militaire !

O mon Cadet, mon joli Cadet,  
Now silent and thoughtful, now joyous and gay ;  
Never dull, never harsh, never stupidly good,  
With his laughing eyes saying, " I would if I could ;"  
Whispering, caressing, kissing me, too,  
In spite of my anger, for what can I do ?  
He so strong and so earnest ; and then I don't care ;  
O que je t'aime, mon beau militaire !

O mon Cadet, mon joli Cadet,  
How I will weep when he goes away,  
Out on the plains 'midst danger and strife,  
While all I can do is to pray for his life ;  
Watching, weeping, waiting the day  
That shall bring him again, no more mon Cadet,  
But my soldier, my lover, my joy, and my care ;  
Je t'adore, mon beau militaire !



AIR— *Dot Leetle German Band.*

GOODE—'79.

Now give me your oxtensions und listen vat I say,  
 I am dot deuter kadett on dot old U. S. M. A.,  
 My name vas Jacob Schweinfleisch, und fon Hoboken  
 I came ;  
 Mine fader vas a deuter man, my moder vas de same.

CHORUS.

O ! I ain't cut out for a soldier on de army,  
 Und I dink I vill go heim ;  
 I like much petter trinking peer  
 As boning in dem barracks all der time,  
 Und I schpend my time a valkin' on dot area  
 Schkaturday afternoon,  
 Vile all der rescht, dressed in dere bescht,  
 Goes out on der blain to schpoon.

Ven I first landed on dot Point I dought I vill go mad,  
 Dose fellows in dot office dere dey stand me off my head ;  
 Dey told me vat my name it vas, und got my hands  
 around,  
 Und say off I don't prace me up dey'll vipe me off de  
 ground.

*Cho.*—O ! I ain't cut out for a soldier, etc.



Now ven I got me on dot camp I vas almost go died.  
Dose fellows turn me always out 'bout four dimes efery  
night ;

Dey make me tighten tent cords' up ven it vas pouring  
rain,

Und on de morning I go out to schwad trill on dot blain.

*Cho.*—O! I ain't cut out for a soldier, etc.

Dey put me in dot awkward schkoad, I vas so offul gross,  
Dot fellow he schkin me efery day I don't oexpress my  
toes ;

He give me second oxercise so long vat I can go,

Und den he give de schkoad "place rest," und cussed me  
out for slow. *Cho.*—

In about dree weeks I vent on guard, und I vas offul broud,  
I dry to got me schpooney up das I don't got cussed  
oudt,

I glean my gun und fix my belts, und den I plack my  
schkoes,

But ven dot drum peat I vas late, dot vaste pelt come  
unloose. *Cho.*—

Now ven I got me on my post I felt so offul grand,  
Der first man I schkalluted vas de leader off dot pand ;  
Dot corporal he vas schtanding py, und saw vat I did do,  
Und ven he came to cuss me out, I gave him "present  
arms," too.

I dought I vill pe offul prave dot night, a valkin' post,  
Some fellows came mit proomsticks out, all dressed in  
vite, like goshs ;

I told dem, "Who goes here?" und cailed dot corporal  
mit a screetch,

But putty soon my gun vas gone, und I vas on dot  
deetch. *Cho.*—

Ven dot furlough class came ve bushted camp, und moved  
in off dose barracks,

Dey put me up four flights of stairs on dot chicken-cock  
loft garrets ;

Most all my dings vas lost, und I vas feeling offle blue ;  
I dumpled me town dwo flights of steps, to fall in mit  
tattoo.

SECOND CHORUS.

O! I schpend my time a valkin' on dot area  
Schkaturday afternoon,

Vile all der rescht, dressed in dere bescht,

Mit de schpooney femmes goes out on de blain to  
schpoon.

I schpend my time a valkin' on dot area,  
Maybe you'll dink dot's fun

To valk quite late, most till parade,

Right schkolder mit your gun.



## NIGGER JIM.

HOWLAND—'76.

AIR—*Little Sam.*

'M de noted cullud Cadet,  
And from Dixie's land I came,  
Whar I used to hoe de cotton all de day—all de day ;  
But I pined for martial glory,  
So a 'pointment I did get,  
And I went and joined dis old U. S. M. A.—U. S. M. A.  
To de offis I did go,  
Did dey hoop me up—oh, no !  
And since dat day I'b neber had no rest ,  
For I'm kicked and cussed and swore at,  
I'm "pinked," and no help for it,  
And I marches in de rear rank *by request—by request.*

CHORUS :

I hates 'em all, and I sits alone,  
And sings dis little hymn :  
I'm de noted cullud cadet ;  
I'll be found in " Phil " or " Chym "  
I'm " cut " by eb'rybody,  
And dey calls me Nigger Jim.

Guard duty comes to me quite oft—  
 I march on twice a week,  
 And most all de time I am hall orderly—hall orderly.  
 And de white boys spit tobacco juice  
 Upon de floor and stairs;  
 So “demerits” come a piking unto me—all unto me.  
 Should I stub my toe in ranks  
 I would certainly get “pinked,”  
 For to pot dis nigger makes a brilliant “hive.”  
 De instructors all light on me,  
 And I nebèr yet saw a “three,”  
 For dey say de nigger’s “max” is but “one five”—is but  
 one five.—*Cho.*  
  
 Old Davy’s dun it to you now,  
 Dis nigger he has found;  
 And you won’t see any more of dis ere chile—of dis ere  
 chile.  
 But I’ll write a book on West Point,  
 And for Congress I will run;  
 And I’ll engineer a bill to hang old Lyle—to hang old Lyle.  
 I leabs anoder here  
 For to take my place in ranks,  
 At de old familiar tint you’ll think of me;  
 You’b but lost me for a while yet,  
 For a “cit a’pointment” I’ll get,  
 And I’ll rank you in de nigger infantry—infantry.—*Cho.*

Upon de old plantation  
 How I wish dat I had stayed,  
 And not come here to wear de Cadet grey—de Cadet grey.  
 For aldo in shining buttons  
 I am gorgeously arrayed,  
 I must work from reveillé till close of day—till close of day.  
 When I’ve “boned” dat book enough,  
 Den I must bone dat gun,  
 And much cleaner dan de white hoys’ must it be;  
 Or I’d quick be “pinked” by Em’ry,  
 And for red rust he’d condemn me  
 On next Saturday to walk de A-ri-e—de A-ri-e.—*Cho.*  
  
 Oh! now I’h got de bulge on you,  
 I ranks you all dis day;  
 On my shoulder shines a Gen’ral’s glitt’ring star—glitt’ring  
 star;  
 I now marches in de front ranks,  
 While you close up in de rear,  
 Wid your open fields, and wearing nary bar—nary bar.  
 What is more I hab a wife,  
 And am settled down for life,  
 While you’re struggling for promotion with a vim;  
 You’ll be frozen in Alaska,  
 Or be sunstruck in Nebraska;  
 And you’ll envy your old comrade, Nigger Jim—Nigger  
 Jim.—*Cho.*



## KEPT BACK ON FURLOUGH.

HOWLAND—'76.

AIR—*Jeannette and Feanot.*

A FURLOUGH-MAN one morning sat weeping in his room,  
He had no "cit." clothes on him, his face was spread with  
gloom ;  
But a comrade stood beside him with a white plug hat  
and cane,  
And looked with careless glances at the tears that fell  
like rain.  
The "file" in grey looked on him, and he took his old  
chum's hand,  
And he said, "'Tis many days ere I shall see my native  
strand ;  
And I sit and wipe my eye while my heart is sick and sore,  
For I'm kept back on furlough, kept back ten days or  
more.

Tell my schoolmates and companions, when they meet and  
crowd around,  
To hear why I'm not present, for perchance they'll think  
me "found ;"  
Tell them I hit the nigger, or did "devil" some poor  
"beast"—  
That will make me quite a hero—they'll think it smart at  
least.

Say that prison doors confine me, that with shackles I  
am bound.  
They will take it all for gospel, and when me they see  
around,  
They will ask about my escapades, and will not press  
me sore  
Why I stayed back on furlough, stayed back ten days or  
more.

Tell my parents and relations, when you meet them on  
the street,  
That I've got hurt at riding, or have olisters on my feet.  
Don't let them know the reason that keeps me from my  
home ;  
But say the doctor made me stay, I was too sick to come.  
And when they see your chevrons, say that I have got  
some, too ;  
They'll never know the difference—you can stand of lies  
a few.  
Stuff them up with tales of bloodshed, of wading deep in  
gore ;  
Don't say I'm kept from furlough, kept back ten days  
or more.

Tell my sister not to think me tight, she's seen me so  
with pain,  
And she'll think I'm coming home dead-drunk at my old  
tricks again.

She'll imagine me a lying with a bottle in my fist,  
In the cell of some prison with a handcuff on my  
wrist.

Many times I was arrested when at home I was about,  
And got taken to the calaboose, and she'd come and bail  
me out.

Say I stopped to help the crusade on some benighted  
shore,

Not that I'm kept back from furlough, kept back ten  
days or more.

And, then, there is another, not a sister, but a "spoon"—  
You'll know her by the style she slings, for you will meet  
her soon.

She'll be waiting 'round the depot for to greet her soldier  
boy,

Her poodle dog within her arms, her eyes lit up with joy.

You can "spoon" on her until I come, and if she curious  
be,

Take her to some ice cream saloon, and charge the same  
to me.

Don't answer all her questions; I would sooner die before  
She knew I'm kept from furlough, kept back ten days  
or more.

Last night I dreamed of furlough, I thought that I had  
gone

With all the other furlough-men, but I must go alone.  
There's none kept back so long as I, the last I am to leave,  
That dismal camp, those drills, that guard, 'tis tough you  
may believe.

And while you're taking whiskey, and all the other joys  
That welcome furlough always brings to us grey-coated  
boys,

I'm sleeping in a rain-soaked tent, upon a hard pine floor;  
For I'm kept back from furlough, kept back ten days or  
more."

His voice grew husky, indistinct, he fell back in his gloom,  
His comrade borrowed what change he had, and quickly  
left the room ;  
And away unto the steamer went the jolly furlough class,  
At least all who'd "demerits boned," and French and  
Math. did pass.  
And the morning sun shone brightly down on that  
"unpoliced" room,  
Where that poor file sat weeping, all alone and wrapped  
in gloom,  
The expressman came round barracks, and took no trunk  
from his door ;  
For he was kept from furlough, kept back ten days or  
more.

CHORUS.

Why are we kept back on furlough!! hey?  
'Cause we wouldn't bone demerit!! ha.  
That's why we're kept back from furlough!!——!

RETURN OF THE FURLOUGH-MAN.

"ARE we almost there? Are we almost there?"  
Said a "furlough-man," as he came back from home ;  
"Are those the tents I see up there?  
And is that the cursed old 'Library dome'?"  
And he thought of the terrible "reveillé,"  
And of going to bed at "half-past nine,"  
And he thought how different it used to be  
When he used to get tight about that time.  
Then he thought of the brandy he used to drink,  
And the cool sherry cobblers in glasses so tall ;  
Then he thought how his heart in anguish would sink,  
And his nectar be turned into bitterest gall.  
Then he thought of the "fare" of the old "Mess Hall,"  
And that dirty black coffee doled out by the gill,  
And then—that horrible thought of all—  
That he'd have to "bone" that terrible "Phil."  
And he thought how "Sammy" would grin with glee,  
Like a tiger that seizes his prey from his lair ;  
But little he thought his first act would be  
To "pink" him instanter for "wearing long hair."



## THE PLEBE'S LAMENT.

HOYLE.—'73.



O LORD! will I never get done  
Rubbing on this rusty gun?

CHORUS.

And I wish I was at home,  
And I wish I was at home.

It is no use to sigh and fret,  
Since I must clean this bayonet.—*Cho.*

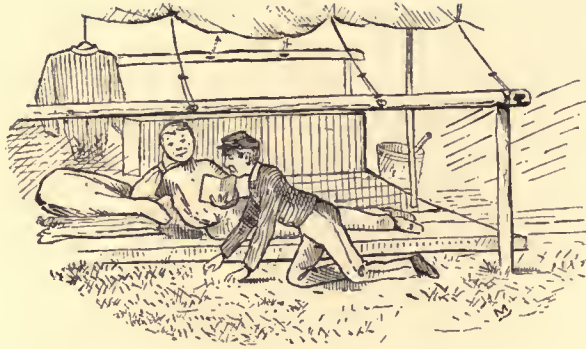
But how intensely do I hate  
To polish up this old waist-plate.—*Cho.*

It fills my heart with dire alarms,  
The order of "Inspection Arms!"—*Cho.*

Long, long ago I got my fill  
Of this most "cussed" old squad drill.—*Cho.*

Your breast throw out, your heels on a line,  
Or I'll give you some more double time.—*Cho.*

Keep your face straight and do not grin,  
Or you will get another "skin."—*Cho.*



It strains my arms, and makes me grunt,  
To keep the palms of my hands to the front.—*Cho.*

Every evening, rain or shine,  
I've got these "darned" old tents to line.—*Cho.*

And twice a day, I never fail  
To get stuck on "police detail."—*Cho.*

My head does ache, my back is bent,  
Policing this "first classman's" tent.—*Cho.*



When this camp's o'er, I'll jump a rod,  
For I'll hear no more of that "*tion squad.*"—*Cho.*

Long have I prayed, as well as wept,  
For the coming of those blessed "*Seps.*"—*Cho.*

The old Cadets will then have ceased  
To call this "*Plebe*" a "*rabid beast.*"

CHORUS.

And I wish I was at home,  
And I wish I was at home.

## THE PLEBE'S PRAYER.

HOWE.—'78.

[A Plebe who reported in the spring of '76 put in a permit one day, of which the following is the substance, if not the text.]

OH! please, sir, Mr. Teacher,  
May I go out and stray,  
Amid the towering mountains,  
And from barracks get away?  
  
For days in close "confinement"  
You've kept me from the air,  
My muscles now are growing weak,  
My health this doth impair.  
  
Once more I'd like to go and play  
Upon the bright green plain,  
And see the various trophies,  
And the tombs of heroes slain.  
  
Oh! please to let me go, sir,  
And hereafter I will try,  
To keep straight forward to the front,  
My ever wandering eye.

*(Permit not approved.)*

## A VALENTINE.

(Found in a Cadet's Scrap-Book.)

A is the Academy where Charlie staid;  
B is the Belle who made a raid;  
C is the Curl he asked for in vain;  
D is the Dame he wished to obtain;  
E is the Enemy he wished so to fight;  
F is the Flirt who laughed at the sight;  
G is the Glove of Perinot kid;  
H is the Hand it unkindly hid;  
I is the Instep so natty and high;  
J is the Jest that brought light to the eye;  
K is the Kool way in which he could talk;  
L is the Lingering down "Flirtation Walk;"  
M is the Merry way she could smile;  
N is the Nonsense she talked meanwhile;  
O is the Offer he made one day;  
P is the Pretence which turned it away;  
Q is the Quadrille all cadets hate;  
R is the Redowa they dance till late;  
S is the "Spooney," their favorite word;  
T is the "Tattoo" that always is heard;  
U is the Upton whom they all love;  
V is the Valentine I send to my dove;  
W is the Willow that hung over our walk;  
X is the Xebec in which they sail to New York;  
Y is the Yew that made them all squack!



## MY OLD REVEILLÉS.

J. R. RIBLETT—'72.

You may talk of your gaiters as much as you please,  
Their beauty, their elegance, comfort and ease ;  
But of all the shoes that e'er shoemaker made,  
Not a word that is better, of them can be said,  
Than cadets will say, and they'll not say it to please,  
But from pure honest love for their "old reveillés."

In long years ago they have seen their best day,  
And tho' full of holes, I'll not throw them away,  
But fondly will cherish, though the "uppers" wear out,  
And the "soles" are all ready to "sail up the spout,"  
For no shoes in the world can possess so much ease  
For my poor tired feet as my "old reveillés."

Some people may scoff, and at sight of them jeer,  
But I cling to them still for old memories dear ;  
They covered my feet when a Plebe in distress,  
And into my "yearling year" helped me to press ;  
They've lasted me well, and if Fate decrees  
I'll wear them forever, "my old reveillés."

And at last when "old Patrick" shall come in and say,  
"I'll take all the rimnants that ye'ez thrown away,"  
And bears the old rubbish to the pile down below,  
Along with the rest in the dust and the snow,  
You'll see them there lying, those wonders of ease,  
Sad, lonely, neglected, my "old reveillés."

Others and newer will take their old place,  
And with plenteous blacking shine smiles in my face ;  
My feet may look smaller, feel better (perhaps),  
But in the sweet slumbers that come "after Taps,"  
Foremost and fairest of all visions that please,  
Will be happy fore-shadowings of my "old reveillés."

Let them go, while a tear-drop in memory flows  
Gently down from my eyelid, and rests on my nose ;  
But little they'll reck of my sorrow, or pain,  
Nor know of my longing to greet them again :  
While over their resting place cold winds scatter leaves,  
Let them peacefully sleep, my "old reveillés."

## HE DONE HIS LEVEL BEST.

STEVENSON—'78.

WAS he a bookin' of his "Phil,"  
He done it with a zest;  
Was he a bonin' of his "Chem,"  
"He done his level best."  
If he'd a reg'lar scratch to go,  
He never took no rest;  
Or if it was his drawing day  
"He done his level best."  
If he was prancing on his post,  
He'd think of his warm nest;  
And prayin' for the next relief,  
"He done his level best."  
He'd "yank a plebe" clean outen ranks,  
And cuss like all possessed;  
Then put him back and show him how  
To do his level best.  
He'd cuss and sing, and howl and smoke,  
And dance and drink and jest;  
And "max" and "fess" all one to him,  
"He done his level best."  
Was it "boning" in his quarters,  
Was it being coldly "fessed,"  
In barracks or in section room,  
"He done his level best."

## ODE TO MADEMOISELLE ANNA LYTICAL.

T. B. NICHOLS.—'72.

THE most enticing, yet offending,  
The most bewitching and heart-rending,  
The maid I court, and yet despise,  
The one for whom I early rise,

Her name is Anna Lytica.,  
Her style is neat and critical;  
But though I've known her since September,  
We've nothing pleasant to remember.

I'm wearing all my life away,  
I'm dreaming of her night and day,  
And yet I'd give my head to be  
The man to cast her in the sea.

This little maid I often search,  
Was born in a parabolic church;  
I often think it's a mistake,  
And swear she's from the brimstone lake.

Oh! now be generous, little "femme,"  
And let me have a single theme;  
And, when examination's past,  
That dream of you shall be my last.

EPIGRAM,  
ON JOSEPH LOCKE, INSTRUCTOR OF TACTICS.

BY CADET EDGAR ALLAN POE.

JOHN LOCKE was a very great name ;  
Joe Locke was a greater, in short ;  
The former was well known to Fame,  
The latter well known to Report.

WEST POINT, 1830,

28 SOUTH BARRACKS.





In eighteen hundred and seventy-three,  
The "Plebes" went on a deuced spree,  
They raised the devil generally,  
And fired the gun in the *Area*.

CHORUS.

'Twas seventy, seventy, seventy-three,  
Oh! seventy, seventy, seventy-three,  
'Twas seventy-three, yes, seventy-three  
That fired the gun in the area.

They locked us up in the old guard-house,  
And bade us be as still 's a mouse,  
But we whooped and had a mad carouse,  
And fired the gun in the area.

They made us at attention stand,  
With rifles clasped within our hand;  
We swore we'd stand the stern command,  
And fire the gun in the area.

Th' Officer, said he, "Now, don't you see  
There is no use of "running" me.  
I'll make you stand till reveillé,  
For firing the gun in the area.

"And if you rascals don't be still,  
Of punishment you'll get your fill;  
I'll take you out on the plain to drill,  
For firing the gun in the area."

## ONE HUNDRED DAYS TO JUNE.

HOWLAND.—'76.

ONE hundred days to June,  
'Tis not much longer now,  
Ere we to this Academy  
Shall make our farewell bow :  
Our "Noizet" drawn, our studies o'er,  
Free from all toils and pains,  
We happy graduates will be,  
And get scalped on the plains.  
We've been to the officers most kind ;  
Who ever before did see  
A class give to those *derned* old beats  
A *nobby* Christmas-tree?  
And then to please their tympanums,  
We worked like all creation  
To give them in the Area  
A New-Year's celebration.  
Our course throughout has been a siege  
Between us and the bands  
Of officers, who go about  
With "skin-books" in their hands ;  
To puzzle the foe, the text-book says,  
A false alarm should begin ;

So we threatened to shoot the Battery off,  
And took the officers in.  
This area we'll undermine  
Where we've worn out our shoes,  
And under the "angle" run a branch,  
And light a big star-fuse ;  
I think 'twould surely elevate  
Those striped legged men,  
And send them nearer heaven  
Than they'll ever be again.  
Good-by to ditches—parapets ;—  
'Tis drawing near to June.  
No more we'll mine Sebastopol,  
Nor build a "demi-lune."  
The counterscarp may tumble in,  
The galleries—let 'em went ;  
The cavalier can taken be,  
And we won't care a cent.  
CHORUS—One hundred days to June ;  
One hundred days to June—  
Oh ! don't it tickle old "'76"  
To sing this little tune ?

## SHOULDER-STRAPS.

"PRAY tell me, mamma, what the shoulder-straps mean  
That on the blue-coats of our officers gleam ;  
You know they're so different, now why should it be,  
That not even the uniform buttons agree ?

"I've noticed, for instance, a blank, and a bar,  
Two bars, leaves of silver, of gold, and a star,  
Two stars, and an eagle—now what may it mean,  
On scarlet, or orange, light blue, or dark green ?"

"Now listen, my daughter, and pray take heed,  
For the income and straps of a beau are agreed ;  
You may dance with a leaf, and flirt with a bar,  
But reserve your best smile for the eagle and star.

"And remember the fence with nothing within  
Is the field of the stripling, whose spurs are to win ;  
A poor *Second Lieutenant*, perchance still in debt,  
For the clothes he wore out as a West Point Cadet.

"And if on the field a bar should appear,  
Your prudence, my darling, should lead you to fear ;  
For if left a lone widow, the pension's so small  
Your gloves and *first mourning* would swallow it all.

"And e'en with your Captain, who flourishes two,  
Don't prefer the gay line to the Staff's sober blue ;  
For the difference per month, in the matter of pay,  
Not to mention the forage, quite wiles one away.

"Next in order are leaves, but here you reverse  
Each value metallic in prose and in verse ;  
For though gold be a Major, the silvery hue  
Marks the Lieutenant-Colonel, on scarlet or blue.

"Then, over the forest, beneath the bright stars,  
Soars the eagle, the lord of the leaves and the bars ;  
Besides, 'tis suggestive of eagles that fly  
When the wife of the Colonel her bonnets would buy.

"Above all, my darling, still honor the star,  
Though it shines 'neath a silver-head, better by far  
To catch some old General than make him afraid,  
And you won't be the first to command a brigade."

—"I've heard you, dear mother, and thought it all o'er.  
My heart's with the lover who went to the war ;  
You know the poor boy has not even a bar,  
But I'd rather be *his* than the bride of a star."



TO "SEVENTY-SIX."

BAILEY—'78.

COMRADES for a season, and fellows in suffering, too,  
'Tis but a class that separates old "Seventy-eight" from  
you ;  
And though the gulf can ne'er be passed by Time's pro-  
motion slow,  
Friendship and remembrance, too, will follow where  
you go.

The gentle breeze that wafts your bark across life's  
waveless sea,  
The "Eldorado" of the thought, to fame's eternity,  
Will bring to those you leave behind the happiness of  
knowing—  
Their country's fame is guarded well by hearts with  
honor glowing.

As backward on our course of life we turn to take a view,  
Mem'ry will point to "Seventy-six," and ask a smile for you,  
For the Camp of "Seventy-five," for pleasures shared  
together ;  
Which formed a tie that will not break, that Death alone  
can sever.

And when our hops you cease to grace, the favored of  
the ladies  
(Lovelier far than England's dames, or pretty girls of  
Cadiz),  
We'll whisper to their pining hearts that "Seventy-six"  
and we  
Love the fair, no life would spare, in the cause of chivalry.

And when we come to graduate, and leave our mountain  
home,  
To try the storms, the calms of life, and o'er its sea to roam,  
We'll ne'er forget that "Seventy-six" has proudly gone  
before,  
To win a soldier's laurel-wreath on the Heliconian shore.

When death shall come to crown a life the noblest man  
can live,  
Your country 'll pay the just reward her duty 'tis to give,  
Of tears beside a soldier's bier, of mourning o'er his grave,  
Who lived and died in Honor's cause, the bravest of the  
brave.

## AN OLD CADET'S ADVICE.

COME fellows, and list to instruction,  
Which hereafter may answer you well ;  
Perhaps it may stay your destruction  
By the dangerous arts of a belle.

The ladies—heaven bless their fair faces !  
Come here in summer time sweet ;  
Each one is loaded with graces,  
And all have Cadets at their feet.

They smile on the gallant young “gray,”  
Accept all his offers to walk,  
And he, not knowing what to say,  
Allows her to sustain all the talk.

Then it's “Oh ! I so love the Army,  
With its bugles, and drums beating loud,  
And if one should ever ask for me,  
As an officer's wife I'd be proud.

“I should like to partake of his honor,  
For ever stay close by his knees,  
And read him nice stories from ‘Bonner,’  
When he might lay sick with disease.

“I should so love a life on the prairie,  
If my husband should ever there go,  
And would never complain to him, *nary*,  
That such life was uncommonly slow.

“If we ever should become adjusted,  
At a station where parties are rife,  
I should never appear much disgusted,  
Should he ask for a dance with his wife.

“I would never once flirt with another,  
Not once cause my husband to swear ;  
I would never once write to my mother,  
That he was a brute and a bear.

“But, alas ! there's no officer sought me,  
I fear that I never shall wed ;  
For rather than have citizens 'round me,  
I declare I would die an old maid.”

The Cadet feels silent and moody,  
His heart is thumping with pain ;  
He thinks of the three years of study,  
Before his commission he'll gain.

He thinks with despair of his fate,  
His youth appears saddened and drear ;  
To ask such an angel to wait,  
Fills his bosom with doubt and with fear.

She starts, and with tears in her eyes,  
Which causes his fond heart to ache,  
She asks for a "button," and sighs,  
"I'd prize it so much for *your* sake."

With a sob like a twenty-four pounder,  
He tears one from over his heart,  
And gives it with bows much profounder,  
Than a dancer could ever impart.

In fact the poor fellow is captured,  
His sleep is oft broken and short,  
He dreams himself wholly enraptured,  
While the lady is only in sport.

With others he's very retired,  
But his love remains constant and true,  
And he goes to bed pretty well tired,  
When his drills and hers are all through.

One evening the moon shining brightly,  
He calls on her at the Hotel ;  
And then with his heart beating lightly,  
Commences his story to tell.

He tells her—he knew but to love her,  
And has dreamt of her often of late ;  
Perhaps she will say he may have her,  
As he has *only three years* to wait.

She hears him a moment, through pity,  
And then hopes his heart he will mend ;  
She's engaged to a man in the city,  
But she'll always remember her friend.

He leaves her with feelings of sorrow,  
At being so foully deceived,  
But he goes to the drill on the morrow,  
With his feelings greatly relieved.

He takes no more walks on "Flirtation,"  
His slumbers are broken no more,  
He has found a divine consolation,  
And is now a most staunch "Bachelor."



## WEST POINT.

L. C. STRONG.

'Twas commencement eve, and the ball-room belle  
In her dazzling beauty was mine that night,  
As the music dreamily rose and fell,  
And the waltzers whirled in a blaze of light.

I can see them now as the moonbeams glance  
Across the street, on the billowy floor  
That rises and falls with the merry dance  
To a music that floats in my heart once more.

A long half hour in the twilight leaves  
Of the shrubbery—she with coquettish face,  
And dainty arms in their flowing sleeves  
A dream of satins, of love, and lace—

In the splendor there of her queenly smile,  
Through her two bright eyes, I could see the glow  
Of cathedral windows, as up the aisle  
We marched to a music's ebb and flow.

All in a dream of commencement eve,  
I remember I awkwardly buttoned a glove  
On the dainty arm in its flowing sleeve,  
With a broken sentence of hope and love.

But the diamonds that shone in her wavy hair,  
And the beauty that shone in her faultless face,  
Are all I recall as I struggled there,  
A poor gray fly in a web of lace.

Yet a laughing, coquettish face I see,  
As the moonlight falls on the pavement gray ;  
I can hear her laugh in the melody  
Of the waltz and music across the way.

And I kept the glove so dainty and small,  
That I stole as she sipped her lemonade,  
Till I packed it away, I think with all  
Of those traps that I lost in our Northern raid.

But I never can list to that waltz divine,  
With its golden measures of joy and pain,  
But it brings, like the flavor of some old wine,  
To my heart the warmth of the past again.

A short flirtation—that's all you know,  
Some faded flowers, a silken tress,  
The letters I burned up long ago  
When I heard from her last in the Wilderness.

I suppose could she see I am maimed and old,  
She would soften the scorn that was turned to hate  
When I chose the bars of gray and gold,  
And followed the South to its bitter fate.

But here's to the lad of the Union blue,  
And here's to the boy of the Southern gray,  
And I would that the Northern Star but knew  
How the Southern Cross is borne to-day.

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#### OUR FOUR-O'CLOCKS!

'Tis four o'clock! the bugle blows!  
And whether now it rains or snows,  
Or fierce winds whistle all about,  
Be sure the girls will all be out.  
What is this strange, mysterious power  
That thus attends this mystic hour?  
Why does it call the lasses all,  
No matter whether great or small,  
To pace the sidewalk to and fro?  
Is it that each one wants a beau,  
And, anxious for some dear Cadet,

Defies the wind and snow and wet?  
It must be so, for ere that note  
Has on the echoes ceased to float,  
They come in haste, a motley crew,  
In red, in pink, in black, in blue,  
And joining each a gallant "gray,"  
Soon while a pleasant hour away.  
Each day they come, unfailing come,  
And stay until the "signal drum,"  
Which all their proudest wishes knocks,  
And drives away the "Four-o'locks."

## DESCRIPTION OF A CADET HOP.

BY A SURVIVOR.

'ROUND the room, 'round the room  
'Round the room, onward,  
Like a teetotum  
Revolved the one hundred.

For all were in order,  
And no one had blundered,  
Onward the bright brigade !  
"All around !" the prompter said ;  
So 'round and 'round the room  
Spun the one hundred.

'Round then the bright brigade,  
No one the least dismayed.  
None, for the ladies said  
They never blundered.  
Not theirs to make reply,  
Not theirs to seem too shy,  
Theirs but fast 'round to fly ;  
So 'round and 'round the room  
Whirled the one hundred.

Rose all their arms so bare,  
Flew all their skirts in air,  
Sweeping those sitting there,  
Whirling and spinning, while  
Lookers-on wondered ;  
Trode on and swept along,  
Some looking quite forlorn,  
Part of their drapery shorn,  
Till they have reached their chairs,  
Spun the one hundred.

Gas-lights to right of them !  
Gas-lights to left of them !  
Gas-lights above them !  
By glass pendants sundered.  
Laughing and blushing so,  
At seats all rushing so ;  
Heated and out of breath,  
And from the figure there,  
Now all have reached a chair,  
Save that some few are left  
Of the one hundred.



Oh, that enchanting spin!  
When will the next begin?  
How old folks wondered,  
How can they labor so?  
Is that true pleasure, oh,  
Lovely one hundred?

#### J'AIME LES MILITAIRES.

THE joyous dance is ended,  
And lovely ladies stray,  
By cavaliers attended,  
To where the fountains play.  
With Cupid's gifts o'er laden  
Is every warrior there,  
The thought of every maiden  
Is "J'aime les Militaires."

It is the old, old story;  
He whispers with a kiss,  
And dazzles with war's glory  
A maid as fair as this.  
His eyes are soft and tender,  
And he recks with earnest care  
This young heart's frank surrender—  
Ah! "J'aime les Militaires."

And if he should but win it,  
Ah! poor girl, count the cost,  
The rapture of a moment—  
The heart forever lost:  
He'll ride away unheeding  
To other faces fair,  
And straightway love lies bleeding—  
Yet "J'aime les Militaires."



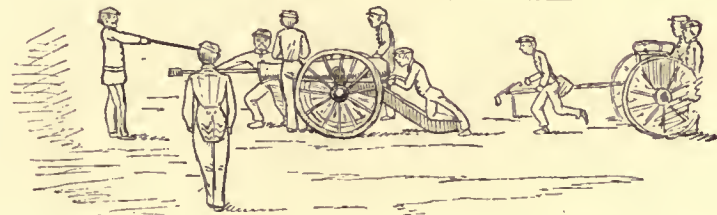
Reveille in camp.



General Police roll call.



Hep! Hep!



"More life in your motions, Sir"

H. S. ...



Benny Havens O -



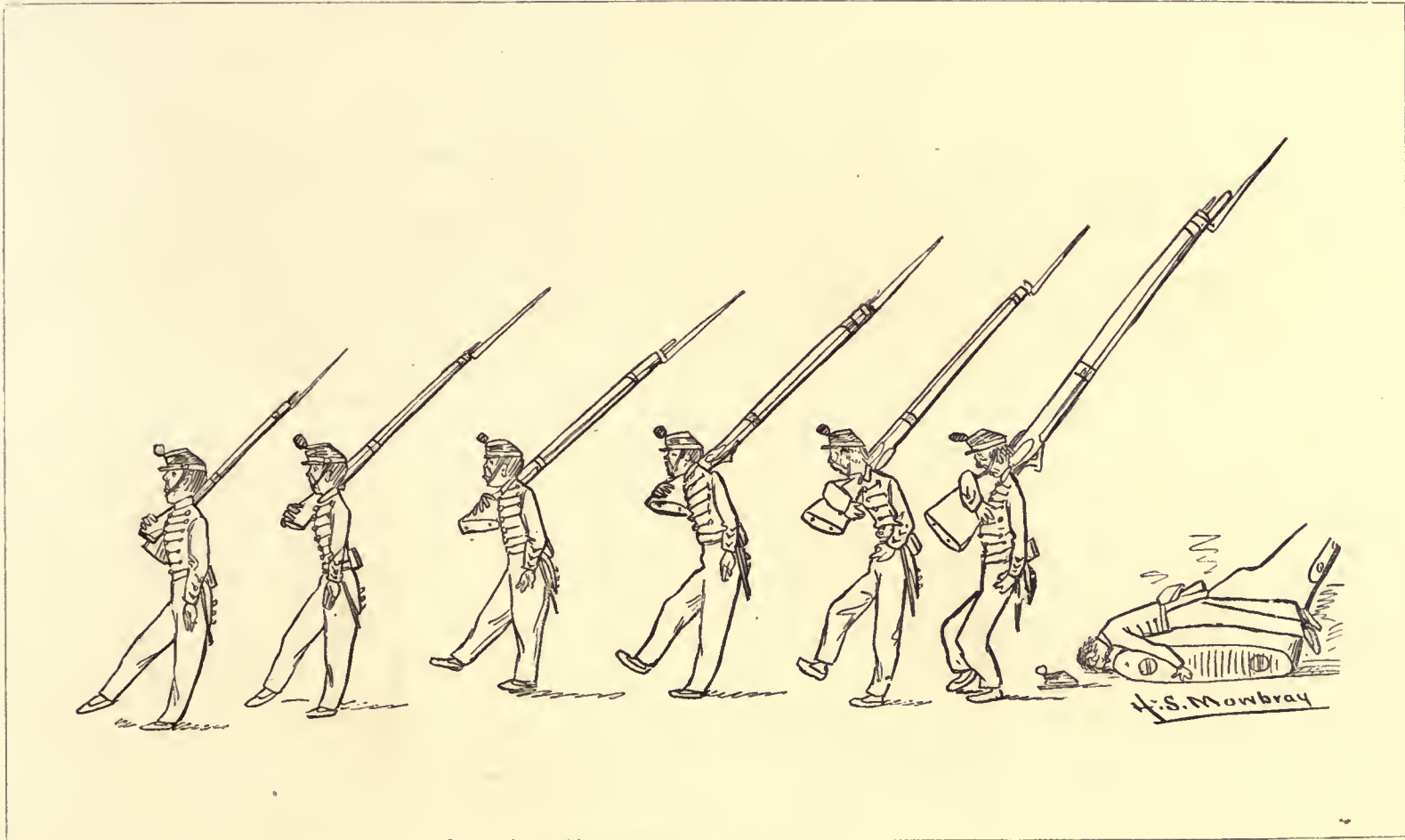
A plebe pillow fight.



Putting him under arrest.



"Half past eleven o'clock  
and all's wet"



SHOWING HOW THE WEIGHT OF A PLEBE'S GUN INCREASES.



ROMANCE ON THE HUDSON.—

(From *Harper's Weekly*.)

NEVER was month like the month of June,  
Her wreath of roses and lovers' moon.

Think ye "the world is out of joint?"  
Then watch ye the shadows of old West Point;

See how they fall on the grassy sward;  
Watch them lie on the glittering sword

Of the eager youth who longs for strife  
And the stern delights of a soldier's life.

Yonder the building old and gray,  
Where he learned the warrior's art to slay.

Behind are the hours of labor done;  
To-day the sweetness of triumph won;

But sweetest of all, the tender smile  
That beams on a fairer face the while,

As the tale is told that, ever the same,  
Fresh beauty wins from a dream of fame.

A nameless boy is her lover now,  
With a beardless cheek, and a childish brow.

Wait till the fearful war drum rolls:  
In the bitter hour that tries men's souls

He will win the honors that she shall wear,  
Till her woman's heart grows proud to bear

A name that a nation loves to boast,  
And writes with those that she honors most.

There's a rapture thrills through the lips that kiss  
And lisp of fame in a scene like this.

## REALITY ON THE PLAINS.

FAR away on the wild frontier  
Stands the cot of the pioneer.

Loud he calls to the soldier bands,  
"Drive ye the savage from our lands!"

The word is given, the charge is led,  
And the red soil groans with martyr dead.

Hark ye! what is the sound that swells?  
Crack of rifle and savage yells!

Poisoned arrow and hissing shot  
Pour from the ambush thick and hot.

Red blood flowing from manly veins  
Dyes with crimson the burning plains.

Look! how silent a brave form lies!  
The sun glares down from the tearless skies.

No soft hand touches the matted hair,  
No lips of woman are resting there.

Only a veteran, stern and grim,  
Pauses awhile with eyes grown dim.

There's a pictured face on the blood-stained grass,  
O'er the smiling eyes no shadows pass.

There are other eyes that are dim with tears,  
That will smile no more in the coming years,

That turn in pain from the cheerless moon,  
As the weeks bring round the month of June,

And lips that whisper a simple name  
That has never run on the blast of fame.

## THE OLD SOUTH GATE.

ON THE RETURN OF THE FURLOUGH CLASS OF '50.

MRS. GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

THERE'S a stir in "Camp Gaines," all observers may see  
'Tis a moment of interest, a moment of glee ;  
Each Cadet has turned out, every tent is unmanned,  
They pace to and fro, or in anxious groups stand.  
Some object thrice welcome they seem to await,  
Whilst all eyes turn eagerly toward the "South Gate."

The forbidden "South Gate," where Cadets are denied  
Their exit and entrance, where, on one side,  
In flaming black characters, always are seen  
The words, "Shut the gate !" but none saying "Come in."  
On the other, in ghastly, white letters, appear  
The four horrid syllables, "No smoking here !"  
Oh, answer, ye classes ! what may ye await,  
What pleasure approaches you thro' the "South Gate?"

The "Furloughs" are coming, and now must be near.  
There is dust, there is shouting, the "Furloughs" are  
here ;"  
They are here ! how they cheer as their comrades they  
hail !

At their sight what delight and affection prevail !  
How rush they ! how yell they ! with arms intertwined,  
To be pressed to each breast, each breast true and kind.  
Such pleasure at meeting good fellows await,  
Then haste ye to gaze thro' the distant "South Gate."

Ye privileged men, ah ! ye are "Furloughs" no more,  
Whom that portal admits, but opes not to the "Corps,"  
And who deem this the happiest day of their lives ;  
"Alexander," "Wright," "Bonaparte," Musical "Ives,"  
"Pose," "Casey," "Smith," "Sheridan," "Morgan," "Van  
Vost,"

Each now "Second Classmen," all hail to your post !  
May your duties be followed with ardor as great  
As you felt when so gayly you passed the "South Gate."

We welcome you back to the Camp and the Plain,  
Where your favorite "Clitz" will soon drill you again.  
Oh ! blessed among students, you now may remain,  
Without fear of being wasted by "sparkling champagne,"  
Cigars or late hours, or unwholesome rich food,  
While with knowledge your minds shall be daily im-  
bued.

May you ever be happy, at each turn of fate,  
As when you, blithe "Furloughmen," passed the "South  
Gate."

## A CADET "HASH."

ONE Saturday eve, a short time ago,  
Three gallant Cadets both cautious and slow,  
With eyes on the watch, went creeping around  
A certain one's yard where chickens abound.

They thoroughly searched through brier and brake,  
But never a fowl, cock, gobbler, or drake,  
Hobgoblin, or goose; except in the yard,  
Was seen by the three: which really was hard;

And 'specially so as hundreds or more  
Just inside the yard, and under the door  
Were cackling aloud, or stalking about,  
Or lying in groups or heaps on the ground.

But "Gray-coats," you know, a bountiful stock  
Of patience possess so down on a rock  
They quietly sat to wait for awhile,  
Till Fortune should grant them her favoring smile.

Nor waited in vain, for just as the sun  
Went down to his rest all fiery and dun,  
A gallant old cock, in majesty great,  
With widely spread wings flew over the gate.

He cackled and clucked, and crowed with a voice  
That made the Cadets look up and rejoice,  
As loudly it rang on the mountain and plain,  
And summoned his wives to join him again.

And onward he came as haughty and grand  
As if he alone were ruling the land;  
Oft spreading his tail and flapping his wings,  
And feeling, no doubt, as great as a king.

But woe unto him, that crow was his last,  
For one of our friends most cruelly cast  
Direct at his crest, a most ponderous stone,  
And true to his aim the missile was thrown.



The laws of the art he had studied in "Phil.,"  
And knew just exactly the manner to kill :  
Then wonder no more, friends, whenever you hear  
How fowls on the " Point " so oft disappear.



They rushed to the spot and seized on their prey,  
And under a cape soon stowed him away ;  
And hurrying home they thought with delight  
Of the " time " they would have in Barracks that night

And when sable night had come with her gloom,  
They went to the wood near the Commandant's room  
And gathered some chips, some splinters and sticks,  
And took from a pile an armful of bricks.

The bricks were arranged in two double rows,  
The purpose is plain, of course, I suppose,  
For just in between them the fire was made,  
And over the fire the frying pan laid.

All this you know was done after " taps,"  
When the other Cadets were taking their naps,  
While over the door and window beside,  
A couple of quilts securely were tied.

And over the floor these careful adepts,  
The blankets had laid, to muffle their steps ;  
And this being done as soon as they could,  
They struck up a light and kindled the wood.

Then one of these three who acted as cook,  
Got down an old bag, and from it he took  
Some butter, and salt, and pepper, and bread,  
And then the old cock of which we have read.

How the cock was obtained you have certainly heard,  
The rest, without asking leave, license, or word,  
They "stole" from the "mess," or "hived" as they say  
In tumblers, and cups, at dinner that day.

They mixed in a trice, in a general mass,  
The comfits above and hastened to pass,  
The mass from the wash-bowl into the pan,  
And blew up the fire with "Phil." for a fan.

It simmered and stewed, and fizzled and fried,  
Till "cook" had declared,—the boasting of pride,—  
'Twas done to a "T," and giving a grin  
He vowed 'twas the best he ever had seen.

Ah! there was a dream of revelry then,  
As over the "hash" these jovial men  
Did stand to inhale its savory smell,  
And all was merry as a marriage bell.

But hark! there's a sound like a rap on the door!  
That faintly comes up from the lowermost floor;  
"Did ye not hear it?" said one of the crew.  
Oh! "nary a hear," said the other, "did you?"





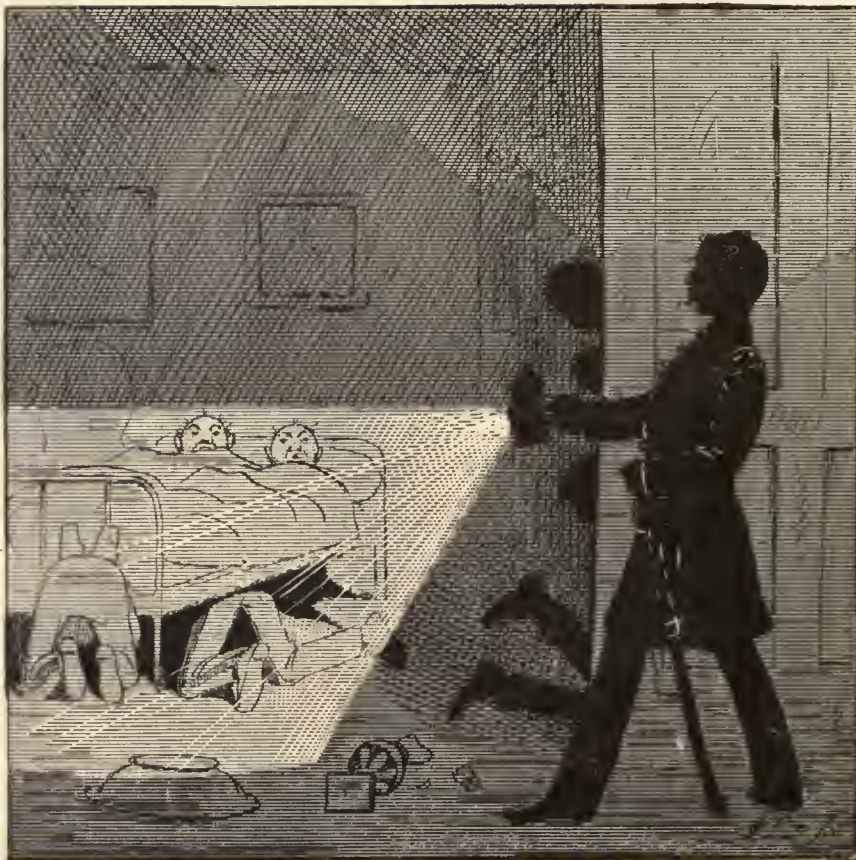
But hark! once again, 'tis a rap on the door,  
And nearer this time, and more loud than before.  
And steps on the stair all muffled and slow,  
Too plainly declare "what's up" down below.

Ah! there was a deal of scampering then,  
As rushing about these scare-stricken men  
Endeavored to hide the signs of the fry,  
Or "hash" if you like, from the officer's eye.

But vain the attempt, for one in the fright  
Knocked over the lamp and put out the light;  
And "cook" let the dish containing the "hash"  
Descend on the floor with a terrible crash.

As this had destroyed their hopes of the feast,  
They thought they would save some disgrace at the least  
And those of the room slipped into their beds  
And gathered the covering over their heads.

The others who heard with the deepest despair  
The officer's step on the neighboring stair,  
And saw that all chances of running were lost,  
Endeavored to hide in the room of their host.



Two under the bed quite skillfully slid,  
And fancied themselves right carefully hid ;  
And all of the rest, some two or three more,  
Secreted themselves in rear of the door.

All this was arranged much sooner than said,  
So fearfully near the officer's tread  
Was heard in the hall, and all in the room,  
Now still as the dead, awaited their doom.

And scarcely a moment transpired before  
The officer's hand laid open the door ;  
And gazing around he saw what was wrong,  
And searching the room he "hived" the whole throng.

Nor must you suppose that this was the end,  
For fellows thus "hived" most commonly spend  
Some Saturday nights on sentinel's posts,  
To pay for the "hash" and the fun they have lost.

## HER TREASURES.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

I KEEP them in the old, old box  
That Willie gave me years ago,  
The time we parted on the rocks ;  
His ship lay swinging to and fro,  
As waiting in the lower bay.  
I thought my heart would break, that day !

The picture with the pensive eyes  
Is Willie's? No, dear, that's young Blake,  
Who took the West Point highest prize :  
He went half crazy for my sake.  
Here are a lot of rhymes he wrote,  
And here's a button off his coat.

Is this his ring? My dearest May,  
I never took a ring from *him* !  
This was a gift from Howard Clay.  
See how the pearls are growing dim.  
They say that pearls are tears,—what stuff !  
The setting looks a little rough.



He was as handsome as a prince—  
And jealous! But he went to Rome  
Last fall. He's never written since.

I used to visit at his home,—  
A lovely place beyond Fort Lee:  
His mother thought the world of me!

Oh no! I sent *his* letters back.  
These came to me from Washington.  
But look, what a tremendous pack!

He always wrote me three for one.  
I know I used to treat him ill,—  
Poor Jack,—he fell at Chancellorsville.

The vignettes—all that lot—are scalps  
I took in London, Naples, Nice,  
At Paris, and among the Alps:  
Those foreign lovers act like geese,  
But, dear, they *are* such handsome men.  
We go to France, next year, again!

This is the doctor's signet ring.  
—These faded flowers? Oh, let me see:  
Why, what a very curious thing!  
Who could have sent these flowers to me?  
Ah! now I have it,—Count de Twirl:  
He married that fat Crosbie girl.

His hair was red.—You need not look  
So sadly at that raven tress.  
You know the head that lock forsook;  
You know,—but you could never guess!  
Nor would I tell you for the world  
About whose brow that ringlet curled.

Why won't I tell? Well, partly, child,  
Because you like the man yourself;  
But most because—don't get so wild!  
I have not laid him on the shelf,—  
He's not a by-gone. In a year,  
I'll tell you all about *him*, dear.

# AN INVITATION TO THE ARMY; OR, LOVE'S APPEAL.

PATRICK COSTIGAN.

AIR—*The Spider and the Fly.*

“WILL you live with me in quarters?” said the Lieutenant to his bride,  
“They’ve the loveliest room and kitchen that ever you have spied;  
There’s the most contracted closet that ever you have seen,  
And the very smokiest chimney that ever was, I ween.”  
“Oh! no,” says the ambitious bride, “It really cannot be,  
One room and a kitchen will never do for me.”  
“There’s the sweetest little attic, for the cook and nurse to use,  
If the Q. M. hasn’t assigned it, that to us he won’t refuse,  
And a common hall for all of us, you and I and all the fellows,  
From which the other officers will borrow our umbrellas.”  
“Oh! no,” says this prudent bride, “I’ll stay at home with ma,  
Where my rubbers and my waterproof in perfect safety are.”

“We’ll have the quarter of a yard where the mud’s up to your shoes,  
Where the garrison cats all congregate for latest feline news;  
And the quarter of a cellar, where we will keep our coals,  
If ‘strikers’ do not steal them, and prejudice their soles.”  
“Oh! no,” says this politic bride, as she fixes her back hair,  
“I prefer my father’s cellar, and cats’ concerts I can’t bear.”  
“We can live on commissary stores, the beef’s not *very* tough,  
And the coffee’s not all chiccory, though pretty deuced rough,  
And the sugar really isn’t sand, and the bread quite fine is thought,  
And Mrs. Burke will sell us milk at fifteen cents a quart.”  
“Oh! no,” says this domestic bride, “I fear I must say no, sir;  
I like our own milkman the best, and I would not change my grocer.”

“And then as for society, there’s my old friend Bill Green,  
A better hand at cocktails I think was never seen;  
And Brown, the ‘new appointment,’ we will ask to  
join our mess,  
He’s always getting a box from home, but we need not  
charge him less.”

“Oh! no,” says this diffident bride, “I’ve met that Mr.  
Green,  
And a more disreputable drunkard I think I’ve rarely  
seen.”

“And then, about the baby, the precious little lamb,  
With Johnson’s little boys he’ll play, who’ll teach him  
how to damn;  
And the men can teach him jokes, and likewise how to  
chew,  
And he’ll learn to take his cocktail, as he sees his father  
do.”

“Oh! no,” this moral bride remarks, “we must not let him  
thus  
Learn all about ‘two pairs’ and a ‘full,’ his ‘bitters,’ and  
to cuss.”

“Then the cook will marry Sergeant Rourke, for a  
laundresship, you know,  
And the nurse will marry Schmidt of the band, who  
plays the piccolo;  
And they’ll recommend their cousins to fill their vacant  
places,  
Who will go off with other men, as generally the  
case is.”

“Oh! no,” says this discreetest bride, “my home I think  
I’ll tarry in,  
Our girls have got no cousins, and they do not think of  
marrying.”

“Well then, my dear, please let me know what you  
intend to do;  
I have but little time to stay, and I must part from you;  
My leave is up to-morrow, and I wish you’d settle now  
Whether you’ll come or stay at home. Is this whiskey?  
Well then, how!”

“Oh! oh!” says the sorrowful bride, as from the room  
he goes,

“I think I’ll take a suite of rooms at Cozzens’ or at Roe’s.”

# WE'LL DOFF THE GRAY, AND DON THE BLUE.

A GRADUATING SONG OF CLASS '47.

HURRAH! for the merry bright month of June!  
That opens a life so new;  
When we doff the cadet, and don the brevet,  
And change the gray for the blue.

This world we may find a right hard world,  
As we travel its mazes through;  
But with right stout hearts we'll play our parts,  
When we change the gray for the blue.

To the struggles of youth, to the mimic of war,  
To our sports, to our follies, adieu.  
We are now for the strife in the battle of life,  
We must change the gray for the blue.

Some will be bound for Oregon's shore,  
And some to the famed Vera Cruz,  
We'll see Matamoras and the fair *señoras*  
Though not as the grays, but as the blues.

Where the bugles are calling on Mexico's plains,  
May we all to our colors prove true,  
Be cool and be steady with "Old Rough and Ready,"  
Nor tarnish the gray, nor the blue.

The hero of Lundy again takes the field  
The scenes of his youth to renew;  
Let it be our first pride to stand by his side  
And prove that the grays are true blue.

With Niagara's hero, the brave General Scott  
The stout-hearted soldier, and true,  
We will triumph in victory, or fall in its arms,  
Lamented by gray and by blue.

Tho' broken the tie that has bound us awhile,  
Fate shall ne'er dissever the few  
Of a true-hearted band who, linked hand in hand,  
Change together the gray for the blue.

The gray of the morning is warmed by the sun  
To the azure at noon's bright hue;  
As morn at our time ripens fast to its prime,  
When we change the gray for the blue.

True, clouds may arise to o'ershadow our skies,  
But the sunbeams will still burst thro',  
And with crimson and gold touch each silvery fold,  
As they blend the gray with the blue.



SONG OF THE CLASS OF '79.

SUMMER OF '75.

IN eighteen hundred and seventy-five,  
On West Point's rocky shore,  
Was formed the class whose name shall last  
Till time shall be no more.  
Hail! to our Alma Mater,  
The nursery of the brave,  
And hail! to a life of action,  
And a soldier's death—and grave.

From Eastward, and from Westward,  
The men have come afar,  
To make their lives their country's,  
And learn the art of war;  
From Massachusetts's fertile shore;  
From the sterile coast of Maine;  
From many a well-loved Southern home;  
From many a Western plain;

From the lordly Mississippi,  
Which flows through all the land,  
And waters flowery meadows,  
Where long-horned cattle stand;  
And bears upon its bosom,  
Where Leviathan might disport,  
The spoils the wealthy planter sends  
To the far-off Southern port;—  
Bears them to the distant city,  
Where once the ground was red  
With the blood of those whose cheers arose  
When the British Army fled!

From the vast Northwestern region,  
Where the painted savage roams,  
Murdering babes and women,  
And burning happy homes;  
From the far Pacific shore they come  
To bow at the War-god's shrine,  
And so at last is formed the class—  
Dear, good old Seventy-Nine!

SUMMER OF '76.

Through many a trial and sorrow,  
With many a tear and sigh,  
Our fourth class year we've finished,  
And "yearling camp" is nigh.  
Yearling camp, that happy time,  
When we'll be free to "spoon"  
Each beauteous "femme," whose bright eyes shame  
The glowing sun of June.

But we mourn for many a lost one,  
Who, idle, or unwary,  
Let his budding laurels die  
'Neath the snows of January ;  
Let them lie unheeded,  
Unplucked, along his path,  
And spent his time on "extra,"  
And got "found" in French or "Math."

SUMMER OF '77.

FURLOUGH.

And now our "yearling year" is past,  
Bold "furloughmen" are we,  
Free as the perfumed breeze that sighs  
Across the summer sea ;  
Free to seek our loved ones,  
And clasp them in our arms ;  
Free to feast our eyes upon  
Our sweethearts' glowing charms.

We've dreamt of the joys of furlough  
Through all the winter past ;  
Day and night its image bright  
Has shone before our dazzled sight,  
And been a sweet alluring light ;  
And now—it's come at last !

SUMMER OF '78—FIRST CLASS CAMP.

The fight is nearly o'er, my friends,  
The battle nearly done,  
For the third long year is over,  
And "first class camp" is won.  
We'll "rag" no more in Tactics,  
We'll "fess" no more in "Chim,"  
For *Graduating Furlough*  
Shines in the distance dim.

Many a weary hour we've "boned"  
Those Occult Analytics,  
Many a "frigid fess" we've made  
On Molecular Mechanics ;  
Many a time we've pondered  
The Myst'ries of Acoustics,  
Many a night we've "run" a light,  
To learn the laws of Optics.

SUMMER OF '79—GRADUATION.

Farewell to all our studies here,  
Farewell to Hudson's stream,  
Farewell to the dear old uniform,  
To the buttons' flashing gleam ;  
Farewell to the old gray barracks,  
Farewell to camp and plain,  
Farewell to many a comrade  
We ne'er may see again !

For now the trial is over,  
The long four years are past,  
And we go to do our life's work,  
Where'er our lines be cast.  
Let Classmate be to Classmate  
A trusting, loving friend ;  
Let us stand by one another  
From this day unto the end !

Then, fellows, in years that are to come,  
Far in the future time,  
Well known to fame shall be the name  
Of the class of '79.

G. E. H.

## FURLOUGH SONG OF '79.

W. E. P. FRENCH, '79.

AIR—*Away with Melancholy.*

WE'VE "boned" for two years steady,  
But the good time's come at last,  
And we look on a "yearling" already  
As a thing of the distant past.

### CHORUS.

Then fill to the brim your glasses,  
Here's a health to old '79,  
The dearest and best of classes,  
May she "rag" to the end of time.

To our homes, to our loved ones we're going,  
To those whom we hold most dear,  
And with joy all our hearts are glowing,  
As for '79 we cheer.—*Cho.*

No roll-calls or other formations  
Till our glorious furlough is through,  
But on "spooney" demonstrations  
We'll coldly "max" it through.—*Cho.*

All trouble and care we will banish  
Till our glorious furlough is o'er ;  
And "Math," and French, and Spanish,  
We'll never "fess" on more.—*Cho.*

With wine, and song, and the ladies,  
The hours will quickly fly ;  
And we'll fill in all odd moments  
By "hiving" a kiss on the sly.—*Cho.*

We dread to the Point returning,  
We shrink from its rock-bound shore  
Where "Phil" and "Chem" are yearning  
To make life a fearful bore.—*Cho.*



SECOND SECTION. CLASS '79.

J. A. JOHNSTON, '79.

AIR—*Farmer Boy.*

“MR. BEACH,” the instructor cried,  
“A front board you may take,  
And a linear perspective of the column  
You may make ;  
With a pedestal square, and abacus,  
And the shadow of the same  
On the surface of the column, you also  
May explain.”

Straight up to the board he went  
And his knees began to shake,  
And for “pure and simple principles,”  
In vain his head he raked ;  
But, suddenly to him occurred  
A thought, to him not new,  
A thought, my friends, will you just think !  
Of trying to “bugle it” through.

Then he drew himself up to his fullest height,  
And to a ruler froze,  
Then faced about courageously  
And gazed down on his toes ;  
While the instructor cast a knowing glance  
’Round about the room,  
Until at length it rested on  
The man whom he had doomed.

He smiled. Ah yes! then swallowed his (——).  
And then he opened his book,  
And then he ducked his chin right in  
And called on Mr. Brooks ;  
When in there walked that well-known form  
Whose classic name is (——)  
Who rubbed his hands most gleefully,  
And called up little French.

" Ah! very good!" he softly cried,  
" I presume the work's your own ;  
I'll hear your demonstration  
As far as you have gone."  
(Dick heaved a groan full fraught with pain.)  
Thought the instructor, " I've made a hive,  
" I'll fess him cold and cuss him out ;  
Then give him just one five."

With ready skill he carved (one five) 1.5,  
Which he was wont to do,  
And a frown came o'er his placid face  
As he thundered, " That will do."  
For, true to his word, he " fessed " Dick cold ;  
Then turned with fiendish glee  
To Prof. Church, well known to fame,  
Who " fessed " the other three.

*Stivers, Jenkins, Jordan, and Jolly* were called  
The vacant boards to take ;  
Which left myself and *Fatty Hewitt*  
In a highly chronic state.  
But Fatty's grief was turned to joy,  
Which widened into glee  
When the instructor, with a loving smile,  
Directly called on me.

Ha! I braced myself for the coming fight ;  
But alas! it was no use,  
For I wallowed in the mire of ignorance  
And sank down à la Huse.  
So likewise the front-board-men,  
In " fessing " did persist,  
Till the instructor, with a disgusted air,  
His LOVING flock dismissed.

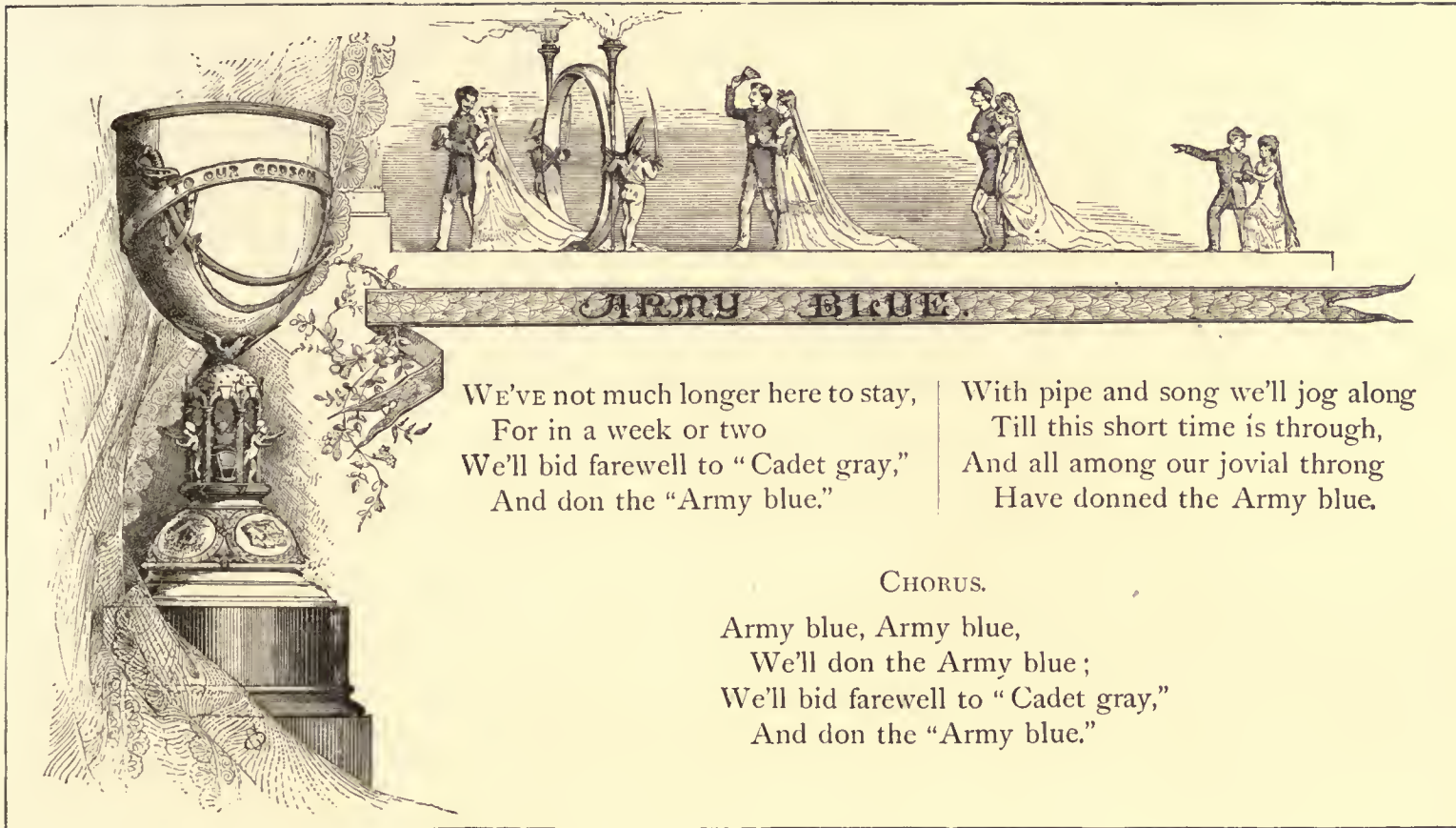
From the second section two have gone,  
Their names you know full well ;  
For the name of one is " *Deacon* " *Smith*,  
Of the other, *Mills, A. L.*  
Alas! alas! poor " *Deacon* " *Smith*,  
His fate I do bewail ;  
For *Mills, A. L.*, he went to the " first,"  
But the deacon slid out at the tail.

Now silence reigned throughout the room,  
As he over his book did bend,  
Seeking for a deserving one, to the  
Fourth front board to send ;  
At length his glance was riveted,  
As plainly could be seen,  
It rested on the historic name  
Of Henry Alexander Greene.

And *now* a look of fear was seen  
On the faces of the rest,  
A shudder ran through the manly forms  
Which sat just on his left.  
Once more he takes his book in hand,  
Another fiendish view ;  
And then he murmured half aloud,  
" Mr. Huse, I'll question you."

" Mr. Huse, can you tell me  
What is a tangential curve?  
You've had it in Church's Calculus,  
No doubt you will observe."  
" Well, yes, sir! I think I can."  
And then he followed suit,  
By shooting off quite fluently,  
" It's a line, or curve of pursuit."

But at length the instructor " fessed him cold,"  
Then gently set him down ;  
And with malignant satisfaction  
Turned Mr. Beach around ;  
Who, with downcast looks and sheepish smile,  
In which the *other three* all shared,  
He softly whispered, " Lieutenant,  
I'm not yet quite prepared."



We've not much longer here to stay,  
For in a week or two  
We'll bid farewell to "Cadet gray,"  
And don the "Army blue."

With pipe and song we'll jog along  
Till this short time is through,  
And all among our jovial throng  
Have donned the Army blue.

CHORUS.

Army blue, Army blue,  
We'll don the Army blue;  
We'll bid farewell to "Cadet gray,"  
And don the "Army blue."



To Ethics, Mineralogy,  
And Engineering, too,  
We'll bid good-bye without a sigh,  
And don the Army blue.—*Cho.*

To the ladies who come up in June  
We'll bid a fond adieu,  
And hoping they'll be married soon,  
We'll don the Army blue.—*Cho.*

Now here's to the man who wins the cup,  
May he be kind and true,  
And may he bring "OUR GODSON" up  
To don the Army blue.—*Cho.*

Now, fellows, we must say good-bye,  
We've stuck our four years through ;  
Our future is a cloudless sky,  
We'll don the Army blue.—*Cho.*

Rip, slap, bang, hurrah !—*Cho.*

L. W. BECKLAW.

## REQUIEM.

*From the Army and Navy Journal.*

Benny Havens, the subject of the song "Benny Havens, Oh," died at Highland Falls, N. Y., May 29th, 1877, at the age of 89 years.

O'BRIEN's harp was sweetly strung  
And gave us joy, long, long ago,  
While we, with union voices sung  
The worth of "Benny Havens, oh!"

That harp now hangs on willow branch,  
And He of whom it sang lies low;  
No more our steps will seek his ranche  
To grasp the hand of "Havens, oh!"

For ninety years his eye shone out,  
And friendly smiles met friend and foe,  
But now the spark of life's gone out!  
No more we'll greet our "Havens, oh!"

We lay his whiten'd locks beneath  
The harden'd earth—no pomp, no show—  
But granite rocks give burial wreaths,  
And soft May winds chant "Havens, oh!"

He ran his course—we all do that—  
God crowns the victor, high or low!

To Him we pray—"Requiescat  
*In pace*,"—"Benny Havens, oh!"

## IN MEMORIAM.

Prof. (Col.) ALBERT E. CHURCH, LL.D., U. S. Military Academy, died suddenly at West Point, N. Y., on Saturday, March 30th, 1878

AYE! There he lies, as if in deep sleep!  
No painful thought upon his brow!  
Then why should we, who loved him, weep,  
Knowing he rests so calmly now?

Oh! that *my* hour, the last on earth,  
Could be assured to be as calm!  
Oh! pray ye all—and hail the worth  
Of such a death—for such a palm!

His death was like his life of years  
That God in ages past has spanned;  
Then for ourselves, let flow our tears,  
But praise God for the perfect man.

A heart, for others, full of love,—  
Mind, that from duty never swerved—  
His daily walk was far above  
This sordid earth—for God he served.

He did not die! He merely cast  
His robe of work aside and left  
This weary world, and calmly passed  
Through that dark rock that Christ hath cleft. "B."





OUR SKELETON U. S. A.

BUT FOR BONE AND GRIT  
MATCH IT IF YOU CAN.



## OUR SKELETON ARMY.

W. A. CROFFUT.

OUR Skeleton Army! It seems like the dead  
To the buzzards rapacious that wheel overhead;  
Yet its nerve is of steel, and its eye is of fire,  
And the tattered old banner waves brighter and higher.  
The field of the son for the flag of the sire!  
It stands like a storm-beaten bulwark of doom  
To beat back the fury of tempests to come.

Along the wild border the menaces rise,  
Where lurks the red savage with death in his eyes.  
Ten thousand young warriors are riding around,  
And the whisper of fate steals away underground—  
A message of silence more awful than sound!  
But the baby is safe in its fond mother's care,  
While Uncle Sam's Skeleton Army is there.

Where cactus and chaparral bloom o'er the sand  
On the fretted frontier of the Mexican land,  
The tumult grows louder—a presage of strife,  
The flash and the crash of the rifle and knife;  
The direful old story—a life for a life!  
But we fear not the sweep of the besom of wrath,  
For the Skeleton Army is guarding the path!

To the Nation another voice rings through the air  
From prairie to sea, "Have a care! Have a care!  
These heroes of ours in their jackets of blue  
Reproach us that they are so feeble and few—  
*As you do to them, will we do unto you!*  
Make vital these bones, and the Army shall be  
The guardian and pride of the land of the free!"

## CUSTER.

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

WHAT! shall that sudden blade  
    Leap out no more?  
No more thy hand be laid  
Upon the sword-hilt, smiting sore?  
    O for another such  
    The charger's rein to clutch,—  
One equal voice to summon victory,  
    Sounding thy battle-cry,  
Brave darling of the soldiers' choice!  
    Would there were one more voice!

    O gallant charge, too bold!  
    O fierce imperious greed  
To pierce the clouds that in their darkness hold  
    Slaughter of man and steed!  
    Now, stark and cold,  
Among thy fallen braves thou liest,  
And even with thy blood defiest  
    The wolfish foe;  
    But ah, thou liest low,  
And all our birth-day song is hushed indeed!

Young lion of the plain,  
    Thou of the tawny mane!  
Hotly the soldiers' hearts shall beat,  
    Their mouths thy death repeat,  
Their vengeance seek the trail again  
    Where thy red doomsmen be;  
But on the charge no more shall stream  
Thy hair,—no more thy sabre gleam,—  
    No more ring out thy battle-shout,  
    Thy cry of victory!

Not when a hero falls  
The sound a world appals:  
For while we plant his cross  
There is a glory, even in the loss:  
But when some craven heart  
From honor dares to part,  
Then, then, the groan, the blanching cheek,  
And men in whispers speak,  
Nor kith nor country dare reclaim  
From the black depths his name.

Thou, wild young warrior, rest,  
By all the prairie winds caressed!  
Swift was thy dying pang;  
Even as the war-cry rang  
Thy deathless spirit mounted high  
And sought Columbia's sky:—  
There, to the northward far,  
Shines a new star,  
And from it blazes down  
The light of thy renown!

### THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

OUR good steeds snuff the evening air,  
Our pulses with their purpose tingle;  
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;  
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle!

HALT!

Each carbine sent its whizzing ball:  
Now, cling! clang! forward all,  
Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome:  
Through level lightnings gallop nearer.  
One look to heaven! No thoughts of home:  
The guidons that we bear are dearer.

CHARGE!

Clang! Clang! forward all!  
Heaven help those whose horses fall:  
Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!  
They fall! they spread in broken surges.  
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,  
And leave the foeman to his dirges.

WHEEL!

The bugles sound the swift recall:  
Clang! clang! backward all!  
Home, and good-night!

## OLD COMANCHE.

HEADQUARTERS SEVENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY, )  
FORT A. LINCOLN, DAK., April 10, 1878. )

[GENERAL ORDERS, No. 7.]

I. The horse known as Comanche being the only living representative of the bloody tragedy of the Little Big-Horn; June 25th, 1876, his kind treatment and comfort should be a matter of pride and solicitude on the part of every member of the Seventh Cavalry, to the end that his life may be prolonged to the utmost limit. Wounded and scarred as he is, his very existence speaks in terms more eloquent than words of the desperate struggle against overwhelming numbers of the hopeless conflict and of the heroic manner in which all went down on that fatal day.

II. The commanding officer of Company I will see that a special and comfortable stall is fitted up for him, and he will not be ridden by any person whatever, under any circumstances, nor will he be put to any kind of work.

III. Hereafter, upon all occasions of ceremony (of mounted regimental formation), Comanche, saddled, bridled, draped in mourning, and led by a mounted trooper of Company I, will be paraded with the regiment.

By command of

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL S. D. STURGIS, Colonel Seventh Regiment.

ERNST A. GARLINGTON, First Lieutenant and Adjutant Seventh Cavalry.

HONOR to old Comanche,  
The sole survivor he  
Of the fierce fight where Custer died  
With all his chivalry.

Honor to Keogh's charger!  
Only his flashing eye  
Saw the Three Hundred fighting—  
Saw the Three Hundred die!

His was the place of honor  
Where his Irish rider fell,  
When the Seventh rode into the valley  
That blazed like the mouth of hell!

The horse is part of the soldier;  
He mixed his blood with theirs;  
Therefore for old Comanche  
All comforts and no cares.

For him free stall and pasture,  
While strength and life remain;  
And let no living rider  
Bestride his back again!



But when the bugles summon  
The Seventh to parade,  
Saddle and bridle Comanche,  
In sable housings arrayed;

And let a trooper lead him,  
The horse that saw Custer die,  
Forth to the place of honor  
In the front of Company I!

Will he neigh to his fellows, whose riders  
Fell on that fatal morn?  
Will they hear him amid the trumpets,  
Out on the Little Big-Horn?

Honor to old Comanche,  
While strength and life remain!  
But, oh! to see the Captain  
Upon his back again!

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#### BEFORE THE ATTACK.

PATIENCE, O comrades, the time will come  
When the signal gun shall flash,  
And the blare of bugle and roll of drum  
Shall join with the rifle's crash.  
Then the ranks of the foe shall be crushed and riven,  
They shall scatter before us like clouds storm riven;  
But steady now, till the word is given,  
Then go with a dash.

But a little longer—'Tis deadly still—  
Will the signal never come?  
Now—ready—blow, trumpeter, blow with a will,  
Beat, drummer, upon your drum,  
Our waiting is over—there booms the gun,  
Look to your rifles—stand steady, each one.  
Now forward, O comrades mine, with a run;  
Hurrah! strike home!

## THE WRATH OF THE BLACK HILLS.

THERE was silence in the canyons,  
There was silence on the hills;  
And the valley of the Rosebud  
Poured its songs of summer rills;  
And summer birds in brambles,  
And low zephyrs in the vines  
On the path of Custer's squadrons,  
As they rode among the pines.  
Their steeds were worn and weary,  
For they journeyed fast and far,  
From the fading of the twilight  
To the paling of the star.  
But 'twas morning on the Big Horn,  
Dawn of rest for steed and man;  
How the daylight laughed with gladness  
Where the sparkling river ran!  
All is silent by the river  
Save the murmur of its voice,  
And the summer leaves that rustle  
In the zephyrs, and rejoice.  
But see! the frightened eagle  
Quits his eyry in the sky—  
And hark! those yells of madness,  
That do drown the eagle's cry.

From every rock and ravine,  
From each hilltop, slope, and dell,  
They swarm in yelling legions,  
They are fiends let loose from hell!  
A thousand ringing rifles,  
Send their messengers of wrath!  
A thousand whizzing arrows  
Follow swiftly in their path!  
See the reeling stricken squadrons!  
Dying man, and dying steed!  
They fly—they halt, they rally!  
But in vain they fight and bleed.  
Still the ravines send their legions,  
Pouring onward like a flood!  
And the air is black with terror,  
And the sands are red with blood!  
There is silence in the canyons,  
There is silence on the hills.  
Where the sands are red with slaughter  
There are songs of summer rills.  
The birds sing by the streamlets,  
And the pine tree nods its crest;  
And the eagle from the cloudlet  
Has gone back to find her nest.



"THE WHITE CHIEF WITH YELLOW HAIR  
AND HIS THREE HUNDRED MEN  
DASHED HEADLONG, SWORD IN HAND;"



## THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

IN that desolate land and lone,  
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone  
    Roar down their mountain path,  
By their fires the Sioux Chiefs  
Muttered their woes and griefs  
    And the menace of their wrath.

“Revenge!” cried Rain-in-the-Face,  
“Revenge upon all the race  
    Of the White Chief with yellow hair!”  
And the mountains dark and high  
From their crags re-echoed the cry  
    Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide  
By woodland and riverside  
    The Indian village stood;  
All was silent as a dream,  
Save the rushing of the stream  
And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war-paint and his beads,  
Like a bison among the reeds,  
    In ambush the Sitting Bull  
Lay with three thousand braves  
Crouched in the clefts and caves,  
    Savage, unmerciful!

Into the fatal snare  
The White Chief with yellow hair  
    And his three hundred men  
Dashed headlong, sword in hand;  
But of that gallant band  
    Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death  
Overwhelmed them like the breath  
    And smoke of a furnace fire:  
By the river's bank, and between  
The rocks of the ravine,  
    They lay in their bloody attire.



But the foeman fled in the night,  
And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight,  
    Uplifted high in air  
As a ghastly trophy, bore  
The brave heart, that beat no more,  
    Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong?  
Sing it, O funeral song,  
    With a voice that is full of tears,  
And say that our broken faith  
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,  
    In the Year of a Hundred Years.

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### THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,  
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?  
With burning star and flaming band  
It kindles all the sunset land;—  
O, tell us what its name may be!  
Is this the Flower of Liberty?  
    It is the banner of the free,  
    The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode  
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;  
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,  
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,  
Till, lo! earth's tyrants shook to see  
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!  
    Then hail the banner of the free,  
    The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite,  
One mingling flood of braided light,—  
The red that fires the Southern rose,  
With spotless white from Northern snows,  
And, spangled o'er its azure, see  
The sister Stars of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,  
The Starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round;  
Where'er it springs is holy ground;  
From tower and dome its glories spread;  
It waves where lonely sentries tread;  
It makes the land as ocean free,  
And plants an empire on the sea!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,  
Shall ever float on dome and tower,  
To all their heavenly colors true,  
In blackening frost, or crimson dew,—  
And God love us as we love thee,  
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!



“BEFORE THE PROGRESS OF HIS WHITER FOE,  
SEE THE LAST INDIAN HIS LONE JOURNEY GO  
WITH SOLEMN MIEN AND TREAD FORLORN AND SLOW.”



## TOWARD THE SETTING SUN.

BEFORE the progress of his whiter foe  
See the last Indian his lone journey go  
With solemn mien and tread forlorn and slow.

The time has come for him  
Which comes for all  
Among the races that first rise, then fall.  
Into the distance and the future dim  
The last son, at some predetermined date,  
Must set his course; and happy he,  
If, final scion, his perspective be  
Clear of the lowering clouds of night and fate  
Which overhang this son with gloomy weight.

Not victim of our enmity of race,  
But of the system of the paler face,  
Yon red man makes his forced-march, to be done  
At the land-limit of the Setting Sun.

Proud, poor, alone, and sullen, sad, and strong,  
Muffled by Nemesis, he moves along  
With gun, scalp, blanket, feathers—last in song,  
Last man of mingled romance, right and wrong.

Where is for him the Setting Sun?  
Last Indian, whither shall his race be run?  
On the dark prairie of his destiny  
We gaze with him—the end we cannot see!

Let him, untroubled, sunward move!  
Our race and his have wasted little love;  
But let us honor his last dignity  
Who no successor of his line shall see.

His triumphs and defeats are o'er,  
His captured fields for him yield nothing more,  
As, with his blanket, feathers, scalp, and gun,  
He paces slowly to the Setting Sun,  
And leaves himself in picture, thus to be  
American alone in Memory.

T.

NEW YORK, May 7, 1878.





## RIFLE AND BOW.

R. H. STODDARD.

THE red man, whom our hardy sires  
Found in possession of the land ;  
Who built in woods his wigwam fires,  
And smoked his pipe ; or, bow in hand,  
Crept on the wild deer, or the bear—  
Or tracked the panther to his lair :

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Who, grim, and hard of heart at best,  
Daubed in his war-paint, stole away,  
With twenty devils in his breast,  
To where his hated foeman lay,  
Whom, if asleep he could not find,  
And his strong arms in pinions bind,

To burn him at the dreadful stake,  
He would devote to sudden death ;  
As suddenly his scalp would take,  
And mock the rattle in his breath :  
Then, if pappoose and squaw he saw,  
Would massacre pappoose and squaw !

These bronzed barbarians of the Past,  
Cast in the moulds of hell, are gone ;  
Their world was wanted, far and fast  
We drove them towards the setting sun.  
Ay—and if future need should be,  
We'll drown them in the western sea !

With iron nets we hold their trail ;  
They find us wheresoe'er they go ;  
Though fierce, they cannot make us quail  
Nor match the rifle with the bow.  
We'll give them graves, and let them try  
The happy hunting grounds on high !

## MONTEREY.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

WE were not many,—we who stood  
    Before the iron sleet that day ;  
Yet many a gallant spirit would  
Give half his years if but he could  
    Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed  
    In deadly drifts of fiery spray,  
Yet not a single soldier quailed  
When wounded comrades round them wailed  
    Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on, our column kept,  
    Through walls of flame, its withering way ;  
Where fell the dead, the living slept,  
Still charging on the guns which swept  
    The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,  
    When, striking where he strongest lay,  
We swooped his flaming batteries past,  
And braving full the murderous blast,  
    Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,  
    And there our evening bugles play ;  
Where orange boughs above their grave,  
Keep green the memory of the brave  
    Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many,—we who pressed  
    Beside the brave who fell that day ;  
But who of us has not confessed  
He'd rather share the warrior's rest  
    Than not have been at Monterey.

## BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

THEO. O'HARA.

[Theodore O'Hara, of Kentucky, the author of the "Bivouac of the Dead," was a Cadet at West Point, but was "found" and did not graduate.]

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo ;  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
The brave and fallen few.  
On fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead !

No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind ;  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts,  
Of loved ones left behind.  
No vision of the morrow's strife,  
The warrior's dream alarms ;  
Nor braying horn nor screaming fife  
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,  
Their pluméd heads are bowed ;  
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
Is now their martial shroud ;  
And plenteous funeral tears have washed  
The red stains from each brow,  
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,  
Are freed from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout, are past ;  
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal  
Shall thrill with fierce delight  
Those breasts that nevermore may feel  
The raptures of the fight.

For, like the dreadful hurricane  
That sweeps the wild plateau,  
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,  
Came down the serried foe,  
Who heard the tempest of the fray  
Break o'er the field beneath;  
Knew well the watchword of that day  
Was "Victory or Death!"

Long had the doubtful conflict raged  
Across the surging plain,  
For ne'er such fight before had waged  
The fiery sons of Spain;  
And still the storm of battle blew,  
Still swelled the gory tide—  
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,  
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command  
Called to a martyr's grave,  
The flower of his beloved land,  
The nation's flag to save.  
By rivers of their father's gore  
His first-born laurels grew,  
And well he deemed the sons would pour  
Their lives for glory, too!

Full many a Northern breath hath swept  
O'er Angostura's plain,  
And long the pitying eye hath wept  
Above her mouldering slain;  
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,  
Or shepherd's pensive lay,  
Alone awakes each sullen height  
That frowned on that dread fray.



Sons of "the dank and bloody ground,"  
Ye should not slumber there,  
Where stranger steps and tongues resound  
Along the heedless air;  
Your own proud land's heroic soil  
Must be your fitter grave;  
She claims from war her richest spoil—  
The ashes of the brave!

Now 'neath their parent turf they rest,  
Far from the gory field,  
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast,  
On many a bloody shield;  
The sunshine of their native sky  
Smiles sadly on them here,  
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by  
The soldier's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,  
Dear as the blood ye gave!  
No impious footsteps here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave;  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or honor paints the hallowed spot  
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon faithful herald's blazoned stone,  
With mournful pride, shall tell,  
When many a vanished age hath flown,  
The story how ye fell;  
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's flight,  
Nor time's remorseless doom,  
Shall mar one ray of glory's light  
That gilds your deathless tomb.

## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,  
Whence the fleets of iron had fled,  
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—  
Under the sod and the dew ;  
Waiting the judgment day ;  
Under the one, the Blue ;  
Under the other, the Gray.

\* \* \* \* \*  
From the silence of sorrowful hours  
The desolate mourners go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers,  
Alike for the friend and the foe ;—  
Under the sod and the dew ;  
Waiting the judgment day ;  
Under the roses, the Blue ;  
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,  
The morning sun-rays fall,  
With a touch impartially tender,  
On the blossoms blooming for all ;—  
Under the sod and the dew :  
Waiting the judgment day ;  
Brodered with gold, the Blue ;  
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So when the Summer calleth  
On forest and field of grain,  
With an equal murmur falleth  
The cooling drip of the rain ;  
Under the sod and the dew ;  
Waiting the judgment day ;  
Wet with the rain, the Blue ;  
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not upbraidingly,  
The generous deed was done ;  
In the storm of the years that are fading,  
No braver battle was won ;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day ;  
Under the blossoms, the Blue ;  
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red ;  
They banish our anger forever  
When they laurel the graves of our dead !  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day ;  
Love and tears for the Blue ;  
Tears and love for the Gray.

F. M. FINCH.

## THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

F. H. GASSAWAY.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN towered upon our right,  
Far off the river lay,  
And over on the wooded height  
We held their lines at bay.

At last the muttering guns were still,  
The day died slow and wan.  
At last the gunners' pipes did fill,  
The sergeant's yarns began.

When, as the wind a moment blew  
Aside the fragrant flood  
Our brierwoods raised, within our view  
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,  
From fireside fresh she seemed,  
(Of such a little one in heaven  
One soldier often dreamed.)

And, as we stared, her little hand  
Went to her curly head  
In grave salute: "And who are you?"  
At length the sergeant said.

"And where's your home?" he growled again.  
She lisped out, "Who is me?  
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane,  
The Pride of Battery B.

"My home? Why, that was burned away,  
And pa and ma are dead,  
And so I ride the guns all day  
Along with Sergeant Ned.

"And I've a drum that's not a toy,  
A cap with feathers, too,  
And I march beside the drummer-boy  
On Sundays at review ;

"But now our 'bacca's all give out,  
The men can't have their smoke,  
And so they're cross—why, even Ned  
Won't play with me and joke.

"And the big Colonel said, to-day—  
I hate to hear him swear—  
He'd give a leg for a good pipe  
Like the Yanks had over there.

“ And so I thought when beat the drum,  
And the big guns were still,  
I’d creep beneath the tent and come  
Out here across the hill,

“ And beg, good Mister Yankee men,  
You give me some Lone Jack,  
Please do—when we get some again  
I’ll surely bring it back.

“ Indeed I will, for Ned, says he,  
If I do what I say  
I’ll be a General yet, maybe,  
And ride a prancing bay.”

We brimmed her tiny apron o’er;  
You should have heard her laugh  
As each man from his scanty store  
Shook out a generous half.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down  
A score of grimy men,  
Until the Sergeant’s husky voice  
Said, “Tention, squad!” and then

We gave her escort, till good-night  
The pretty waif we bid,  
And watched her toddle out of sight—  
Or else ’twas tears that hid

Her tiny form—nor turned about  
A man, nor spoke a word  
Till after a while a far, hoarse shout  
Upon the wind we heard!

We sent it back, then cast sad eyes  
Upon the scene around.  
A baby’s hand had touched the ties  
That brothers once had bound.

That’s all—save when the dawn awoke  
Again the work of hell,  
And through the sullen clouds of smoke  
The screaming missiles fell.

Our General often rubbed his glass,  
And marvelled much to see  
Not a single shell that whole day fell  
In the camp of Battery B.



## THE IRISH PICKET.

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

I'm shtanding in the mud, Biddy,  
With not a spalpeen near,  
And silence, spaichless as the grave,  
Is all the sound I hear.

Me goon is at the showlder arms ;  
I'm wetted to the bone ;  
And when I'm afther spakin' out,  
I find myself alone.

This Western climate's quare, Biddy,  
A quare and bastely thing,  
Wid winter absint all the year,  
And summer in the spring.

Ye mind the hot place down below ?  
And may ye niver fear  
I'd dthraw comparisons—but then  
It's awful warrum here.

The only moon I see, Biddy,  
Is one shmall star, asthore,  
And that's fornint the very cloud,  
It was behind before ;

The watch-fires glame along the hill  
That's swellin' to the West,  
And whin the sentry passes them,  
It never is to rest.

Its dead for shlope I am, Biddy,  
And dramein' shwate I'd be,  
If them red injuns over there  
Would only lave me free ;

But when I lane against a shtump,  
And shtrive to get repose,  
A nasty arrow's coming straight  
To hit me spacious nose.

It's ye I'd like to see, Biddy,  
A shparkin here wid me,  
And then, avourneen, hear you say  
"Acushla—Pat—machree !"

"Och, Biddy darlint," then says I ;  
Says you : "Get out of that !"  
Says I : "Me arrum mates your waist"  
Says you : "Be daycent, Pat !"

And how's the pigs and ducks, Biddy ?  
It's them I think of, shure,  
That look so innocent and shwate  
Upon the parlor flure ;

I'm sure ye'r aisy with the pig,  
That's fat as he can be,  
And fade him with the best, because  
I'm tould he looks like me.

Whin I come home again, Biddy,  
A sargent tried and thru,  
It's joost a dacent house I'll build  
And rent it chabe to you.

We'll have a parlor, bed-room, hall,  
A duck-pond nately done.  
With kitchen, pig-pen, praty-patch,  
And garret—all in one.

But, murther! there's a baste, Biddy,  
That's crapin' round a tree,  
And well I know the crayture's there  
To have a shot at me.

Now, mистер red skin, say yer pray'rs,  
And howld yer dirty paw ;  
Here goes—he jabers, Biddy dear,  
I've broke his oogly jaw!





# A GLOSSARY

OF THE

*Technical Words and Expressions in use at the United States Military Academy.*

ANIMAL—A new Cadet.

ANGLE—The quarters of the bachelor Officers.

ARREST—In arrest. To be deprived of all privileges, and remain in confinement.

ANNA LYTICAL—Analytical geometry.

AREA—The area—the open space in rear of barracks.

AT LARGE—A Cadet who is appointed by the President—only ten each year.

BATTERY KNOX—A gun battery looking down the river.

BEAST—An appointee upon his arrival. A fourth classman.

BEAST BARRACKS—Quarters occupied by new Cadets.

BENTZ—The bugler—who has acted in that capacity for nearly fifty years.

BITE TAN BARK—To be thrown from a horse in riding hall.

BONE—*To bone*—to study hard.

BOOT LICK—A Sycophant.

BOARD OF VISITORS—The “visiting statesmen” who “witness” the June examination.

BROKEN—To be reduced to the ranks for cause. (See *Busted.*)

BREAK CAMP—To move into barracks from camp.

BUSTED—To fail, or to be reduced to the ranks. (See *Broken.*)

BUGLE IT—*To bugle it*, is to face the board until the bugle blows.

BOOK—*To book a subject*, is to learn it from the book without understanding it. To cram.

BABE—The youngest man in the class.

CHEM.—Chemistry.

CIT.—A citizen.

CITS—A suit of citizen's clothes.

COCK LOFT—Top floor of the barracks.

CONFINEMENT—*In confinement*, is to be confined to quarters.

CRAM—To study hard for examination.

CUT—*To cut* a meal, is to go without (and get a sandwich from your roommate.)

CUSSING OUT—To chide with rudeness and boisterous clamor.

COLD—A *cold fess* is to fail.

TO CHIN—To argue the point—to consume time in argument.

DAD—The oldest man in the class.

DADE—A “favorite” cavalry horse.

DEAD BEAT—To avoid a duty. To shirk.

DIV.—Divisions—barracks are divided into eight divisions.

DIP.—Diploma.

DEMERITS—Black marks—100 in six months dismiss a Cadet.



DITCH—Fort Clinton ditch, where they throw Plebes when they “devil” them in camp.

DEVIL A PLEBE—To annoy, to haze a new Cadet.

D. T.—Double time—to run—an order which Plebes understand.

EXTRAS—*To walk extras*—a punishment; to walk with gun in area Saturday afternoon.

FAREWELL HOP—Last Hop given to the graduating class by the second class.

FEM—A girl—a young lady—a woman.

FESS—*To fess*, is to fail—to *confess* ignorance.

FESS COLD—A bad failure.

FESS PERFECTLY FRIGID—Is a complete failure—hopeless.

FESS ON A CLEAN BOARD—To know nothing whatever of the subject before you.

FIRST CLASS—Highest class—senior.

FILE—A Cadet.

FIZZLE—To fizzle—to do poorly.

FLIRTATION WALK—A beautiful path where Cadets go to “spoon.”

FOURTH CLASS—Lowest class—freshmen.

FOUND—Found deficient.

FORT PUT.—Fort Putnam, a ruin of the Revolution.

FURLOUGHMEN—Cadets just leaving for, or just returning from, furlough.

FUDGE—To fudge is to appear to be perfect in a lesson, and know nothing about it.

GALL—Undue precociousness.

GOUGE—To receive unauthorized assistance.

GRIND—A witty remark—a joke.

HASH—*A cadet hash*—meals at room after taps.

HAZING—To haze a plebe, to run him.

HIVED—To be caught doing something wrong.

How !!!  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{A gentleman whom Cadets will meet on the plains (Indian).} \\ \text{An army toast.} \end{array} \right.$

IMMORTALS—The lowest in the class—the last section.

JUNE BUG—A Plebe who reports in June.

JUDGE—Name given to a popular man by his class.

KEEN—A witty remark.

LATES—To be late—behind time.

LAST SECTION—Lowest section in the class. (*See Immortals.*)

MAX—  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{To do a thing well—a perfect recitation.} \\ \text{To max, is to get a high mark.} \end{array} \right.$

MATH.—Mathematics.

MATHEW-MATICS—Mathematics.

MENAGERIE—A class of Plebes.

MESS HALL—Dining-room for Cadets.

MEDICO—The Surgeon at hospital.

MANGLE—To “go for”—to cause to fess cold—to discipline.

NOSE THE BOARD—To face the board until section is dismissed.

OFF LIMITS—To go outside of Cadet limits—to run it.

PALMS TO THE FRONT—One of the first movements taught the Plebe.

PERMIT—No Cadet can receive a package without a permit, or permission.

PINKED—To be reported for some offense.

PLEBE—A new Cadet, called a Plebe during fourth class year.

PHIL.—Philosophy.

POLICE DETAIL—To clean up camp.

PROFS.—Professors.

PRELIM.—Preliminary examinations.

PAPER IT—To use written memoranda of the lesson during recitation.

RAG OUT—To do anything well—a perfect recitation.

RAG PERFECTLY REGARDLESS—To be perfect, A. I.

REVEILLÉ—Morning call.

RECKLESS—Reckless, not attending to regulations.

RETREAT—Evening parade.

RICOCHÉT—Very swell—nobby.  
RUN IT—To run it—to go off limits.  
ROCKS—Geology.  
SALLY PORT—Passage way through barracks.  
STAG DANCE—Dance where none but Cadets are present.  
SAVEZ?—Understand.  
SEP.—A Cadet who reports in September.  
SET ON—To “set” down on—to discourage one.  
SECOND CLASS—Junior class.  
SEA COAST BATTERY—Battery on river edge, looking up the river.  
SHEEPSKIN—Diploma.  
SKINNED—To be reported.  
SKIN BOOK—The book in which reports are recorded.  
SKIN BOARD—Bulletin in guard-house, where skins are posted.  
SPOON—To spoon, is to flirt with a young lady.  
SPOON—A young lady—sweetheart—lady-love.  
SPOONEY MAN—One who pays particular attention to the ladies.  
SECTION ROOM—Recitation room.  
SPOONEY LETTER—A love-letter.  
SHOT—*To be shot*, is to be photographed.  
SUMMER HOPS—Hops given by the Cadets during summer encampment.

SCOOP—To “gather in”—to overcome—to get the better of.  
SUPE—The superintendent.  
STRIKERS—Officers’ servants.  
TATTOO—Tattoo, a bugle half an hour before taps.  
TAPS—Three taps on a drum ; signal to extinguish lights.  
TAN BARKED—To be thrown from horse in riding hall.  
THING—A Plebe.  
THIRD CLASS—Sophomores.  
TROPHY POINT—A point looking up the river. A collection of Mexican war trophies.  
TRIG.—Trigonometry.  
TURN BACK—One who remains in the same class another year.  
TUBS—The fattest man in the class.  
UNPOLICED—A room not properly arranged at inspection.  
WHEATON IT—To be excused from duty by the Surgeon.  
YEARLING—A Cadet who has finished his first year.  
YEARLING CAMP—Camp during first year.  
YANKING—Usually applied to “yanking a Plebe” out of his bed at night, during camp.  
YOUNGSTER.—(See *plebe*.)

## SQUIBS FROM THE "SKINBOOK" IN CAMP AND BARRACKS.

CADET BRIDLE.	Using disrespectful and insubordinate language to Cadet Officer, while in execution of his duty, 5 and 5.30 P.M.	JUNE BUG.	Not conversant with countersign, 10 and 10.30 P.M.
BARREL.	Threatening a Cadet Officer for an act done in execution of duty.	LATES.	Yawning in ranks at Reveillé, 5 A.M.
*BELL BUTTONS.	<i>Permitting and requiring a new Cadet to sweep out his room and perform menial services, 5 and 7 A.M.</i>	MENAGERIE.	Not removing dirt from under bucket at police, 4 P.M.
BUGLE.	Not knowing right hand from left.	NATTY.	Extravagant wash at laundry.
"	Not depressing toes going to breakfast.	PHIL.	Bayonet button dirty at guard mounting.
"	Inattention at squad drill, 5.30 to 6.30 P.M.	RAMROD.	Gazing about in ranks, 5.30 A.M.
BULLET.	Coming from "right shoulder arms" to "present arms," when saluting Officer of the Day, 4 and 4.30 P.M.	RAZOR.	Very long whiskers at troop parade.
CARELESS.	Persistently swinging arms at drill, P.M., after having been several times reported for same.	REÉKLESS.	Harassing new Cadet, 11.30 P.M.
CARTRIDGE.	Unauthorized rifle practice in hall of barracks.	REVEILLÉS.	Looking at feet at breakfast roll-call.
CHEEK.	Asking an old Cadet to perform menial service for him, 9.45 and 10 P.M.	ROCKS.	Wearing hop gloves at troop parade.
"	Washbowl not inverted at troop parade.	SEP.	Not executing "left forward, fours left" properly—marching to dinner.
*DIVIDERS.	<i>Collar too wide in Chapel during divine service, 10.30 A.M. and 12 M.</i>	SHOESTRING.	Shoes not tied at Reveillé.
FEM.	Squealing in ranks at tattoo roll-call.	SKINNEY.	Boots not properly dusted at inspection of quarters, 9.30 and 10 A.M.
FIZZLE.	Gross carelessness: dropping gun marching in relief, 9.40 to 10 A.M.	SMIRK.	Smiling in ranks coming from breakfast.
"	Submitting explanation with one word misspelled.	"	Explanation blotted, and not correctly stated.
FLINT.	Going between guns of battery in front of camp, 3.50 P.M.	SNARL.	Odor of apples in quarters, A.M.
FRIGID.	Passing between Squad and Corporal, 2.30 P.M.	SWYKHAMMER.	Same at same.
FURLOUGHMAN.	Cap on side of head, 10 to 10.30 P.M.	TAN BARK.	Dust on collar at tattoo.
"	Requesting a new Cadet to help to straighten it.	TRAIL.	Not keeping dressed marching to church.
GRIND.	Laughing in tent after taps.	"	Dozing in church.
HIVE.	Firing brickbats from Reveillé gun, when Officer of the Guard.	TRIGGER.	Dust on vizor of cap at troop parade.
JUDGE.	Button of overcoat unbuttoned at undress parade.	TUBS.	Falling out to fix tent at troop parade.
"	Wearing dirty collar at drill, A.M.	WORTHLESS.	Shoes not blacked, and pants dirty at retreat parade.
		"	Explanation not properly endorsed.
		YEARLING.	Not removing wash from "A" Co. stoop, 1.30 to 2 P.M.
			ACADEMICAL DELINQUENCIES.
		GOUGER.	Not standing attention while reciting in Math.
		BAYONET.	Room not swept at Police inspection.
		IMMORTAL.	Not properly prepared in lesson in Law.

\* *Explanation of offence, see following page.*

## EXPLANATIONS :

[EXACT COPY.]

WEST POINT, N. Y., *August* , 187 .

OFFENCE.—Permitting and requiring a new Cadet to sweep out his room and perform manual services, 5 and 7 A.M.

EXPLANATION.—I would respectfully state, that after careful thought and speaking with my room-mate, I think that I did ask a new Cadet to help me in fixing up my room to the extent of sweeping out part of it. The request was made the same as I would have asked a classmate, and complied with without any reluctance or words at all, and I thought nothing of it then and had entirely forgotten it. Nothing else was done or required of any Cadet that could possibly be construed as above.

Respectfully submitted,

To

Lieut.-Col. E. UPTON,  
Commandant Corps of Cadets.

“BELL BUTTONS,”  
Cadet Corp'l, 3d Class, “A” Co.

(Word manual should read *menial*; mistake of the clerk.)

(*Cadet Corp'l “BELL BUTTONS” was reduced to the ranks for this offence.*)

[EXACT COPY.]

WEST POINT, N. Y., *Dec.* , 187 .

OFFENCE.—Collar too wide in chapel, during divine service, 10.30 A.M. and 12 M.

EXPLANATION.—I would respectfully state that the collar was no wider “in the chapel” than anywhere else.

It was my intention to give it the proper width all round, but I had no very accurate instruments. It was clean, and I thought this would be principally noticed during divine service.

Respectfully submitted,

To

Lieut.-Col. E. UPTON,  
Commandant Corps of Cadets.

“DIVIDERS,”  
Cadet Pr'vt, “B” Co., 3d Class.

(*The above report was removed.*)



## INFORMATION RELATIVE TO THE APPOINTMENT AND ADMISSION OF CADETS.

(From the Official Register of the U. S. M. A.)

EACH Congressional District and Territory—also the District of Columbia—is entitled to have one Cadet at the Academy. Ten are also annually appointed *at large*. The appointments (excepting those *at large*) are made by the Secretary of War at the request of the Representative, or Delegate, in Congress from the District, or Territory; and the person appointed must be an actual resident of the District, or Territory, from which the appointment is made. The appointments *at large* are specially conferred by the President of the United States.

Applications can at any time be made by letter to the Secretary of War, to have the name of the applicant placed upon the register, that it may be furnished to the proper Representative, or Delegate, when a vacancy occurs. The application must exhibit the full name, exact age, and permanent abode of the applicant, with the number of the Congressional District in which his residence is situated. No person who has served in any capacity in the military or naval service of the so-called Confederate States can be appointed.

When practicable, appointments are made one year in advance of the date of admission.

The age for the admission of Cadets to the Academy is between seventeen and twenty-two years; but any person who served honorably and faithfully not less than one year as an officer or enlisted man in either the regular or volunteer service, in the late war for the suppression of the rebellion, is eligible for ap-

pointment up to the age of twenty-four years. Candidates must be at least five feet in height, and free from any infectious or immoral disorder, and generally, from any deformity, disease, or infirmity, which may render them unfit for military service. They must be well versed in reading, in writing, including orthography, and in arithmetic, have a knowledge of the elements of English grammar, of descriptive geography, particularly of our own country, and of the history of the United States. A *thorough* knowledge of the elementary studies will be much more beneficial to the applicant than a proficiency in the higher branches, upon which he is not examined.

Every candidate is, soon after his arrival at West Point, subjected to a rigid physical examination by an experienced Medical Board, and if there is found to exist in him any of the following causes of disqualification, to such a degree as would immediately, or at no very distant period, impair his efficiency, he is rejected:

1. Feeble constitution and muscular tenuity; unsound health from whatever cause; indications of former disease; glandular swellings, or other symptoms of scrofula.
2. Chronic cutaneous affections, especially of the scalp.
3. Severe injuries of the bones of the head; convulsions.
4. Impaired vision, from whatever cause; inflammatory affections of the eyelids; immobility or irregularity of the iris; fistula lachrymalis, etc.

5. Deafness ; copious discharge from the ears.
6. Loss of many teeth, or the teeth generally unsound.
7. Impediment of speech.
8. Want of due capacity of the chest, and any other indication of a liability to a pulmonic disease.
9. Impaired or inadequate efficiency of one or both of the superior extremities, on account of fractures, especially of the clavicle, contraction of a joint, extenuation, deformity, etc.
10. An unusual excurvature or incurvature of the spine.
11. Hernia.
12. A varicose state of the veins of the scrotum or spermatic cord (when large), sarcocele, hydrocele, hemorrhoids, fistulas.
13. Impaired or inadequate efficiency of one or both of the inferior extremities on account of varicose veins, fractures, malformation (flat feet, etc.) lameness, contraction, unequal length, bunions, overlying or supernumerary toes, etc.
14. Ulcers, or unsound cicatrices of ulcers likely to break out afresh.

The newly appointed Cadets are then examined by the Academic Board, and those not properly qualified are rejected. Those admitted are required to sign articles binding themselves to serve the United States eight years from the time of their admission into the Academy, unless sooner discharged by competent authority, and do solemnly swear that they will support the Constitution of the United States, and bear true allegiance to the national government.

Resignations and discharges can be always obtained, except during times of war, or when the services of the full army are required.

The Cadets are arranged in four distinct classes, corresponding with the four years of study. The Cadets employed on the first year's course constitute the **FOURTH CLASS** ; those on the second year's course the **THIRD CLASS** ; those on the third year's course the **SECOND CLASS** ; and those on the fourth year's course the **FIRST CLASS**.

The academic year commences on the 1st of July, on or before which day the result of the examination held in the preceding month is announced.

During the months of July and August, the Cadets live in camp, engaged only in military duties and exercises, and receiving practical military instruction, excepting the third class men, who are then on furlough.

The academic duties and exercises commence on the 1st of September, and continue until about the last of June. Examinations of the several classes are held in January and June, and at the former, such of the new Cadets as are found proficient in studies, and have been correct in conduct, are given the particular standing in their class to which their merits entitle them. After either examination, Cadets found deficient in conduct or studies are discharged from the Academy, unless, for special reasons in each case, the Academic Board should otherwise recommend. Similar examinations are held every January and June during the four years comprising the course of studies.

These examinations are very thorough, and require from the Cadet a close and persevering attention to study, without evasion or slighting of any part of the course, as no relaxations of any kind can be made by the examiners.

The pay of a Cadet is \$540, per year, to commence with his admission into the Academy, and is sufficient, with proper economy, for his support. No Cadet is permitted to receive money, or any other supplies, from his parents or from any person whomsoever, without the sanction of the Superintendent.

When a Cadet shall receive a regular degree from the Academic Board, after going through the classes, he is considered as among the candidates for a commission in the Engineers, Ordnance, Artillery, Infantry or Cavalry, according to the duties he may be judged competent to perform.

A sound body and constitution, suitable preparation, good natural capacity, an aptitude for study, industrious habits, perseverance, an obedient and orderly disposition, and a correct moral deportment, are such essential qualifications that candidates, knowingly deficient in any of these respects, should not, as many do, subject themselves and their friends to the chances of future mortification and disappointment by accepting appointments at the Academy, and entering upon a career which they cannot successfully pursue.

Date	Names	Residence		
1839				
May 25	J. Tomeroy	Pittsfield Mass	D	22
"	David T. Murray	Kentucky	L	18
"	Mr. Logan (Gristle)	do	L	16
"	Sgt. J. D. Finggold	U.S. Army	D	18
"	Willetts	N.Y.	L	20
"	Mr. Barrow	N.Y.	L	31
"	Mr. Brewster	N.Y.	L	23
"	Mrs. Anselme	N.Y.	L	19
"	Capt. Cole	Smith Co. Mo.	D	29
"	Mr. Blanket	"	D	30
"	SB Macpar-der	U.S. Army	D	29
"	Sgt. Tompkins	U.S. Army	D	31
"	Dr. Charleston Parker	Porter	D	29
"	Wm. G. Birmingham	Chla.	D	31
"	Grant	Albion, N.Y.	D	31
"	E. C. Tomney	Ida.	D	20
"	Mrs. Sinclair	Ida.	D	31
"	Mr. H. Laird	Ida.	D	31
"	Mr. Spring <sup>St. Louis</sup>	Genova N.Y.	D	20
"	Mr. Stuyvesant <sup>St. Louis</sup>	New York	D	31
"	Mr. Hunt	Long Ohio	D	32
"	Series Packe	Ida.	D	31
"	Argenter Farmer	Ida.	D	31
"	J. Rader	Ida.	D	31
"	Frederick Smith	Ida.	D	31
"	George W. Glenn	Ida.	D	31
"	Miss Margaret Lady	Ida.	D	31
"	L. Caldwell	Ida.	D	31
"	Miss Knight	Ida.	D	31
"	Miss Adams	Ida.	D	31
"	Ed. Wright	Ida.	D	31
"	P. Ford	Ida.	D	31
"	A. Robinson	Ida.	D	31
"	Lady H. Smith	Ida.	D	31
"		Charlotte N.C.	D	32
"		New York	D	19
"		Ida.	D	17

## AN HISTORICAL LEAF.

THE opposite page is an exact fac-simile of a leaf taken from the old register of "Roe's Hotel,"—now known as the West Point Hotel. Upon this page appear the signatures of several persons who have since become eminent in the history of our country.

It is said of General Grant, when he first left his Ohio home, and reported at West Point, on the 29th day of May, 1839, that upon signing his name "U. H. Grant,"\* in the Academic Register at the Adjutant's Office, he was informed that there was no appointment for any candidate of that name; but that there was one for U. S. Grant.

This mistake in an initial was doubtless due to a misunderstanding on the part of the Congressman of his District in making out the appointment.

The future General and President replied, in a manner which was probably then as characteristic as it is at present, that the change of an initial made no particular difference to him.

His object was to enter the Military Academy as a Cadet.

\* "Ulysses Hiram Grant" was the General's original name.



AUTOGRAPHS now are quite the thing,  
And sought at fancy prices,  
'Least those that to remembrance bring  
Great virtues—or great vices.

The names of some indent the rocks  
High up the Alps—sublimely vast ;  
Euphonious ones—Smith, Brown, and Cox,  
And Jones, not least though last.

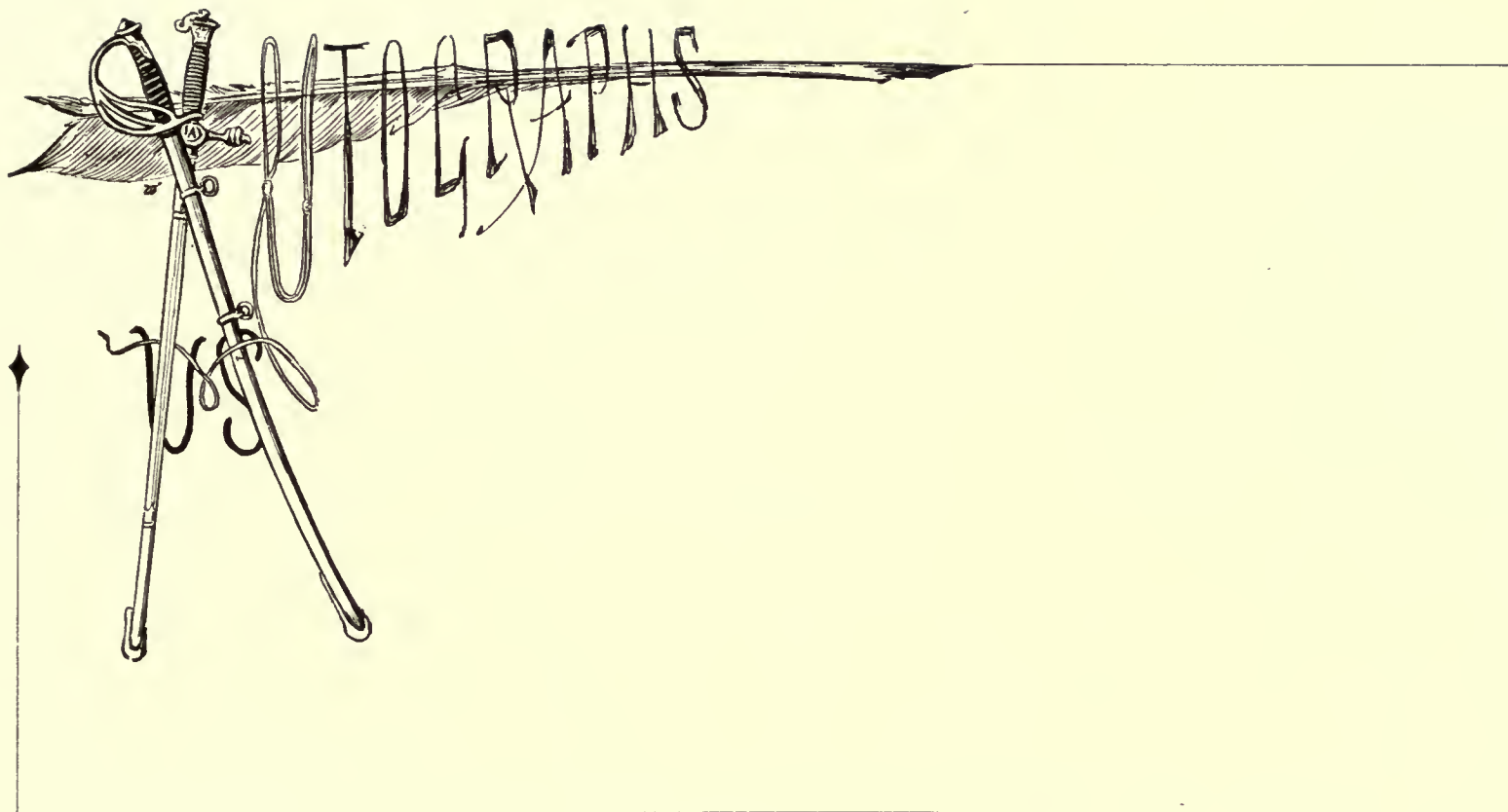
While others theirs do carve well up  
On Fame's illusive temple ;  
And with the gods, as equals, sup,—  
The common herd's too simple.

'Tis said there's nothing in a name :  
Still, let us clutch the hope  
That genius guards the undying fame  
Of Shakespeare, Byron, Pope.

Yet ask I not their studied wit,  
But names of soldiers tried ;  
Not like to Keats, "in water writ,"  
But on this leaflet's side.

I ask thy hand and name, dear boy—  
E'er on the sea of life  
Thou go, that weapon here employ  
Not stained in battle strife !

And if Fair Hands perchance consent  
To flourish graceful pens,  
A Fan is spread, by breezes bent  
Pour autographes des femmes.



MILITARY AUTOGRAPHS.























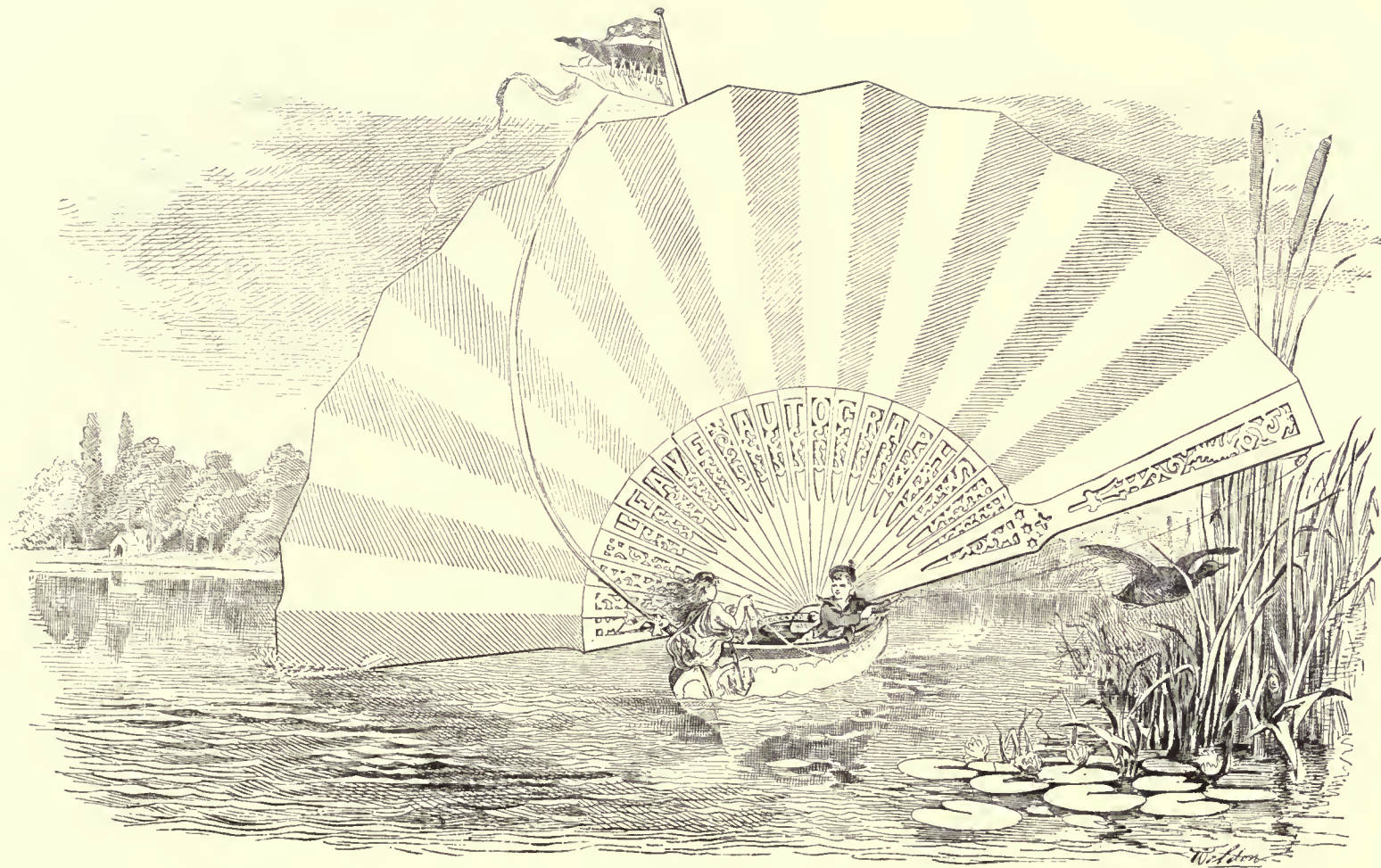












FOR FAIR HANDS.



































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## FLAG ENDS FROM THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

*Flag Ends* is a Companion Book to *Tic Tac*

We can scarcely say anything more regarding the favor with which this work has been received, than is expressed in the following

### PRESS NOTICES:

"One of the brightest and prettiest books of the season is 'Flag Ends.'"—*New York Graphic*.

"It collects some forty specimens of songs and other verses of the 'Middles' (and their lady friends), and accompanies them with humorous illustrations of 'middy' episodes. The idea is a very clever one."—*New York Tribune*.

"A more amusing publication of the kind has never gone from the American press, and too much praise can hardly be given to Messrs. Homer Lee & Co., New York, who bring it out, for the liberal manner in which they have done their share of the work. The illustrations are spirited in execution, admirably arranged, and abundant in number."—*Washington Post*.

"It is illustrated in a humorous way, for most of the verses are anything but solemn. The book is handsomely bound, illustrated and printed."—*New York Times*.

"There are gems of merriment and thought all through it. The etchings are especially happy in design, and the book is so full of good things that it is hard to discriminate."—*New York Express*.

"The illustrations are irresistibly laugh provoking. In fact, all through the volume there are touches which would not disgrace *Puck*. All young ladies who desire to graduate as Annapolis belles are advised to learn it by heart—or technically, to 'bone it.'"—*Washington Sunday Herald, Army and Navy Edition*.

"It reflects the spirit of life at the Naval Academy."—*Army and Navy Journal*.

"To naval officers, young and old, the work will prove precious and invaluable in recalling the joyous memories of their Academy life."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

"From the Naval Academy at Annapolis, comes 'Flag Ends,' salt with its savour of ocean, happy with its sharp wit, and well spiced with genuine humor; a welcome and valuable addition to literature; a model of engraving and binding, and a charming volume for any library table. Rich with fun, at times truly poetic, it is, without doubt, as elaborate a work of its kind as any ever published in this country."—*Acta Columbiana* (Columbia College).

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